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Shapes for every use.

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**Sierra Madre
Hardware Co.**
31-35 West CentralCITY PRICES
OR LOWER**Come!
Visit my
Gift Shop**---and see several nice gifts to
choose from, each one
more attractive than
the other.You make your selection at a
great saving of time and energy.**Woodson F. Jones**

PHONE BLACK 75

31 N. BALDWIN AVE.

Billie Boss DressesThe popular Billie Boss Dresses for girls; reversible collar
and cuffs; plain khaki and stripes; ages 5 to 10 years;
specially priced \$2.25**Nurses Cloth**Splendid quality Nurses Cloth, 40 in. wide, white
only 65c**Woman's
Hiking Breeches**Forrest brand Hikin Breeches, made of best quality khaki
cloth 65c

PHONE BLACK 85

J. F. SADLER & CO.

Standard Patterns

Warner Corsets

SERVICE MEN'S RECEPTIONFinal Details Agreed Upon at a Com-
mittee Meeting Held Yester-
day Afternoon

Hosts and Hostesses

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Walker, Wo-
man's Club; Dean and Mrs. W. C.
Shaw, Episcopal Church, Mr. and
Mrs. D. Ashmore, Modern Priscillas;
Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Andrews, Ancient
Priscillas; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur John-
son, Ladies Aid Society; Mr. and
Mrs. F. D. R. Moore, Masonic Lodge;
Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Steinberger, East-
ern Star; Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Camp,
City Council; Mr. and Mrs. Robert
Mitchell, Board of Trade; Father F.
Woodcuter, Catholic Church; Rev.
and Mrs. C. C. Wilson, Congregation-
al Church; Rev. and Mrs. H. T. Pike,
Bethany Church; Mr. and Mrs. H. T.
Pennell, Christian Science Church;
Mr. and Mrs. Woodson F. Jones, St.
Ritas Altar Society; Miss Lydia Web-
ster, Ladies' Guild; Mrs. V. P. Maull,
Dickens Club; Mr. and Mrs. R. R.
Hartman, Eleven and One Club; Mr.
and Mrs. F. M. Webster, Sierra Ma-
dre Band; Mr. and Mrs. Newman
Essick, Boy Scouts; Mrs. E. T. Pierce,
School Board.Yesterday afternoon the various
chairmen of committees met at the
Woman's Clubhouse to complete final
arrangements and details for the big
reception for our service men and
their guests, at the Woman's Club-
house, Saturday evening, August 16.It was deemed that the distance to
the residence of Judge Camp, on West
Grand View avenue, was too great
and that it would be better to have
the entire proceedings at one location.The banquet will be held at the
Woman's Clubhouse at 6:30 p. m., and
the public reception will commence at
8:30 p. m., at the same place.A caabret performance will enter-
tain the guests at the banquet; speak-
ing will take place on the lawn after-wards. The Sierra Madre Band will
furnish music from the east porch of
the Clubhouse and everybody will tell
everybody else how happy they are
that we are still living in the land
of the free and the home of the brave.Everybody is invited to the public
reception at 8:30 and ample provision
will be made to accommodate all.The Service men have been slow in
accepting invitations to the banquet
and the committee requests that those
who have not answered, will do so at
once, but whether you answer or not
or whether you received an invitation
or not, come to the banquet just the
same if you are a Service man, a
veteran or a visiting service man.One week from tonight, Friday ev-
ening, August 15, all service men are
invited to attend the regular dance at
the Woman's Clubhouse, as guests of
the Club.Too much credit cannot be given the
following ladies who have worked
hard and will continue to do so until
the last light is put out to make this
the biggest thing Sierra Madre ever
saw.

The House Committee

Mrs. Chester Nourse
Mrs. W. E. Walker
Mrs. Louie Dietz
Mrs. W. H. Ingraham
Mrs. Howard Hill
Miss Florence Vannier
The above committee will be assist-ed by:
Mrs. C. W. Sperry
Mrs. C. W. Jones
Mrs. E. W. Camp
Mrs. W. S. Andrews
Mrs. Palmer Rhodes
Mrs. F. B. Seeley
Mrs. J. F. Sadler
Mrs. M. D. Goodfellow
Mrs. H. I. Hawkshurst
Mrs. Ernest Yerxa
Mrs. Stella Dennison
Mrs. Wm. Lees
Mrs. W. J. Lawless
Mrs. E. C. Carhart
Mrs. L. E. Steinberger
Mrs. J. D. Mackerras
Mrs. J. D. SparksMrs. M. D. Welsher
Mrs. W. J. Miller
Mrs. H. T. Basset
Mrs. H. Bourne
Mrs. Howard
Miss C. Larjar
Miss E. Steinberger
Mr. C. W. Jones
Mr. E. W. Camp
Mr. F. P. Sperry
Mr. E. C. Carhart
Mr. W. J. Lawless

Invited Guests to Banquet

SRGT. RAYMOND ADELMAYER
LIEUT. RAYMOND D. ANDREWS
SIMON W. ASHTON.
DON A. BAXTER
OTHO M. BENTON
HARRY BLECKER
SRGT. JOHN BOYD
CORP. OLIN BRADFORD
CORP. NELSON BROOKS
J. W. BRUNSON, C. M. M. (A)
LIEUT. CHAS. L. CAMP
PAUL N. CARTER
ROBERT CARTER
SRGT. ROY CHANTRY
COR. ROBERT L. CLARK
HAROLD L. COSTELLO
SRGT. WM. P. DENNISON
CORP. CHARLES S. DOWNS
BRYANT ESSICK
CK. ARTHUR EVANS
JOSEPH EVANS
SRGT. BUGLER WADE FALLIS
F. R. C. FENTON
MAURICE GOLDBERG
SAMUEL L. GRAHAM
C. L. GRIGSBY
LIEUT. KENNETH MACKENZIE
HAM, JR.
HAROLD HART
SRGT. RAYMOND HEDDERLY
SRGT. VICTOR C. HILL
VINTON HOEGEE
LIEUT. MERVYN A. HOPE
JOHN INMAN-KANE
ENSIGN NORMAN B. JENSEN
FRED KEHLETT
CECIL C. KELLOGG
ORVAL KELLOGG
ARTHUR B. KIRBY
ERNEST KIRBY
COR. HARRY LEAMING
JAMES LESLIE
PAUL LITTELL
H. H. McMILLEN, Pay Clerk
BENJAMIN MEDLEY
LT. GEORGE G. MITCHELL
CHAS. W. MYERS
JAMES GEORGE NORRIS
LT. LAURANCE B. NOURSE
MAYNARD ODEM
RALPH ODWARKER
LIEUT. JOHN C. OLSEN
HENRY M. OLSEN
SRGT. NORMAN T. OLSEN
CHARLES H. PERRY
CORP. CLYDE PRICE
SAM ROBINSON
JACK ROWER
DOUGLAS SAUNDERS
KENNETH SAUNDERS
LIEUT. CHAS. W. SCHWARTZ
SRGT. WM. H. SCHWARTZ
SRGT. WILLIAM H. SEELEY
HAROLD SHERMAN
SRGT. H. H. STEINBERGER
LAUREL E. STEINBERGER
ROBERT E. STEINBERGER
FRED PHILLIP STRATE
DONALD TARR
SRGT. EARL D. TOPPING
LEONARD C. TUCKER
CHARLES F. VANNIER
LIEUT. GEO. K. WHITWORTH
GAIL WILLIAMS
LIEUT. WM. B. WRIGHT
OVILLE J. YULECivil War Veterans
C. C. BERGEN
M. W. COPPS
L. C. CAMERON
C. McDANIELS
F. O. NICHOLS
CAPT. J. A. OSGOOD
M. ROUARK
F. B. LESLEY
W. H. SCOTT
PROF. J. J. HART
GIESON KELLY
COL. W. H. HOLABIRDSpanish War Veterans
E. C. CARHART
GEORGE COX
J. R. OASLER
S. B. WHEELER
DR. L. L. KREES
CHAS. DAVIS
S. K. DAVIS
CHAS. CAMERONVisiting Service Men
WARD FOWLER
JAMES SADLER
KENDERSON CHILDS
RAYMOND HICKES
DR. W. R. HART
MR. OWEN HALE
ELDERED YULE
MR. M. A. DE TEMPLE
CAPT. CECIL K. SHERMAN
LIEUT. CHAS. FORMAN
A. T. SEPULVEDA
PAUL WOLF
VICTOR SIMANK
BRUCE MCGILL
FRED HINTONCivilians
MR. ROBERT MITCHELL, Mayor
of Sierra Madre
C. W. JONES, President Sierra
Madre Chapter American Red
Cross.
J. D. MACKERRAS, Ex-President
Sierra Madre Chapter American
Red Cross.

BUYS HIS HOME

John Skvarla has bought the house
in which he has been living for some
time, at 169 North Baldwin.

SCHOOL LANDS

The city librarian has received from
W. S. Kingsbury, State Surveyor Gen-
eral, a list of vacant school lands
which will soon be offered for sale at
public auction throughout the State of
California in accordance with an act
of the legislature which act has just
become a law. The list, together with
a copy of the law under which the
land will be sold, will be found in the
reference room of the library. The
proceeds derived from the sale of
school lands go toward the support of
the public schools of the state.

A TARKINGTON STORY

Our new serial story "The Magnifi-
cent Ambersons," commences in this
issue, on another page. This is one
of the very best novels of Booth
Tarkington and won the \$1,000 prize
as the best American story written
this year.The price in book form will be \$1.50
and the literary world is already dis-
cussing this truly wonderful story. A
year from now you will not like to
admit that you have not read Tar-
kington's "The Magnificent Amber-
son," and if you begin today and fol-
low it through from week to week in
the News, it will not be necessary.

Wantads on last page.

SIERRA MADRE'S FUTUREBoard of Trade Holds Special Meet-
ing to Discuss Plans For
Future Prosperity.A special meeting of the Board of
Trade was called for Monday night
to discuss the local water problem
and the advisability of annexing to
Los Angeles in order that that city
might supply us.Last Friday afternoon an informal
meeting was held at Col. Hollabird's
home where a representative of La
Canada and one from La Crescenta
invited our city to join them in apply-
ing to Los Angeles for annexation.It appears that although Los An-
geles now uses her entire supply of
aqueduct water, she would be very
glad to build dams, construct reser-
voirs, pipelines, etc., and sell us stored
water—provided we merge our iden-
tity with hers and pay the cost of
construction. Perfectly easy and sim-
ple isn't it, but there is one (at least)
obstacle. Altadena, a part of Laman-
da Park and the Hastings ranch must
also join the circle and it is reported
that Altadena will fight for her lib-
erty to the last trench.Anyway, we are eager for infor-
mation concerning water supply so
the president was voted authority to
appoint a committee to confer with
the Los Angeles city engineer and
learn just what their proposition
would be—and all other information
possible.City Engineer Mackerras explained
that the water level was gradually
getting lower, necessitating a great-
er water-lift at an added expense, but
advised that there was no probability
of a shortage this season. However,
he thought it wise to provide against
the future in some manner.Harvey Steinberger, who has been
doing flood control work in the moun-
tains back of Sierra Madre for some
time suggested check dams and at
least one permanent dam in SantaAnita Canyon. He said that when
the flood control appropriations were
distributed, Santa Anita Canyon had
in some way been overlooked and
advised that we go after all we could
get from the flood control commis-
sioners. A beginning has already been
made along this line and will be vig-
erously pushed.The report of committeeman W. W.
Alley on aviation field location was
complete and most satisfactory. Mr.
Alley appeared before boards and
commissions at Los Angeles and Pas-
adena on six or eight occasions with
the result that the outlook is very
favorable for the location of a land-
ing field adjacent to Sierra Madre on
the west.Ross Field is soon to be the home
of one of the largest dirigibles and
the first one on the Pacific coast.
Others, both government and com-
mercial, are sure to follow and a
large landing field in this vicinity will
be necessary. We have the best and
really only available field and the fact
that Col. L. J. Mygatt, of Ross Field
is favorable to this location, will help.
The members gave Mr. Alley a vote of
thanks for his good work and in-
structed him to "carry on."

DON'T SHOOT

Any person or persons found shoot-
ing on any part of the Blumer Place
on Grand View and Auburn, will be
prosecuted to the fullest extent of the
law. MRS. J. E. BLUMER.

SOLDIER BOY RETURNS

Sergt. Wm. H. Schwartz was mus-
tered out at Camp Mitchell the 23rd
of last month and reached home Sat-
urday. He will remain with his par-
ents here until the middle of October,
then return to Philadelphia where he
will resume his interrupted studies at
the University of Pennsylvania. He
says his brother Charles intends to
re-enlist in the regular army.**Special
Mattress
Sale**BEGINNING MONDAY, AUGUST 11, AND CONTINUING FOR
ONE WEEK, WE WILL OFFER ALL MATTRESSES AT
15 Per cent off Regular Prices

If you need a mattress or are going to need one
or more this is the time to save money.**Bergien Bros.**

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in the Big Santa Anita Canyon

THE ONLY SECOND-CLASS MOUNTAIN RESORT IN
CALIFORNIA, BUT WE HAVE HERE ELEC-
TRIC LIGHTS, SANITARY SHOWER BATHS &
TOILETS, TELEPHONE, PURE SPRING WATER
AND THE BEST BEDS IN THE MOUNTAINS.TELEPHONE US FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
G. H. PETERSON Camp Manager, TELEPHONE A-11-4 BELLS**E. D. TOPPING, Propr.**
SIERRA MADRE CALIFORNIA

The Magnificent Ambersons

By Booth Tarkington

"THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS:" A MAGNIFICENT NOVEL

The literary critics and book reviewers are continually asking, "When shall we have the 'Great American Novel' by the 'Great American Novelist'?" Perhaps never, in the sense in which the question is asked, for this country is too big and its people differ too greatly by localities to make the "Great American Novel" possible.

Nevertheless, "The Magnificent Ambersons" is a great American novel. Booth Tarkington is an American of sturdy native stock. He knows American life and character as only a native American with generations of American forebears can know them. Moreover he has a charm of style and a power of expression which have endeared him to the reading public.

"The Magnificent Ambersons" is so great a novel that Booth Tarkington has been awarded the Joseph Pulitzer prize of \$1,000 "for the American novel published during the year which shall best present the wholesome atmosphere of American manners and manhood." The judges making the award are Robert Grant, William Morton Payne and William Lyon Phelps.

CHAPTER I.

Major Amberson had "made a fortune" in 1873, when other people were losing fortunes, and the magnificence of the Ambersons began then. Their splendor lasted all the years that saw their Midland town spread and darken into a city, but reached its topmost during the period when every prosperous family with children kept a Newfoundland dog.

In that town in those days all the women who wore silk or velvet knew all the other women who wore silk or velvet, and when there was a new purchase of sealskin sick people were got to know to see it go by. Everybody knew everybody else's family horse and carriage, could identify such a silhouette half a mile down the street, and thereby was sure who was going to market or to a reception or coming home from office or store to noon dinner or evening supper.

During the earlier years of this period elegance of personal appearance was believed to rest more upon the texture of garments than upon their shaping. A silk dress needed no remodeling when it was a year or so old; it remained distinguished by merely remaining silk. Old men and governors wore broadcloth; "full dress" was broadcloth with "doeskin" trousers; and there were seen men of all ages to whom a hat meant only that rigid, tall silk thing known to impudence as a "stovepipe." In town and country these men would wear no other hat, and, without self-consciousness, they went rowing in such hats.

Trousers with a crease were considered plebeian; the crease proved that the garment had lain upon a shelf, and hence was "ready made;" these betraying trousers were called "hand-me-downs," in allusion to the shelf. In the early eighties, while bangs and bustles were having their way with women, that variation of dandy known as the "dude" was invented; he wore trousers as tight as stockings, dagger-pointed shoes, a spoon "derby," a single-breasted coat called a "Chesterfield," with short flaring skirts, a torturing cylindrical collar, laundered to a polish and three inches high, while his other neckgear might be a heavy, puffed cravat or a tiny bow fit for a doll's braids. With evening dress he wore a tan overcoat so short that his black cantails hung visible, five inches below the overcoat; but after a season or two he lengthened his overcoat till it touched his heels, and he passed out of his tight trousers into trousers like great bags. Then presently he was seen no more, though the word that had been coined for him remained in the vocabularies of the impertinent.

Surely no more is needed to prove that so short a time ago we were living in another age!

At the beginning of the Ambersons' great period most of the houses of the Midland town were of a pleasant architecture. They lacked style, but also pretentiousness, and whatever does not pretend at all has style enough. They stood in commodious yards, well shaded by leftover forest trees, elm and walnut and beech, with here and there a line of tall sycamores where the land had been made by filling bayous from the creek. The house of a "prominent resident," facing Military square or National avenue or Tennessee street, was built of brick upon a stone foundation, or of wood upon a brick foundation. Usually it had a "front porch" and a "back porch," often a "side porch," too. There was a "front hall," there was a "side hall," and sometimes a "back hall." From the "front hall" opened three rooms, the "parlor," the "sitting room" and the "library," and the library could show warrant to its title—for some reason these people bought books. Commonly the family sat more in the library than in the "sitting room," while callers, when they came formally, were kept to the "parlor," a place of formidable polish and discomfort. The upholstery of the library

furniture was a little shabby, but the hostile chairs and sofa of the "parlor" always looked new. For all the wear and tear they got they should have lasted a thousand years.

Upstairs were the bedrooms; "mother and father's room" the largest; a smaller room for one or two sons, another for one or two daughters; each of these rooms containing a double bed, a "washstand," a "bureau," a wardrobe, a little table, a rocking chair, and often a chair or two that had been slightly damaged downstairs, but not enough to justify either the expense of repair or decisive abandonment in the attic. And there was always a "spare room," for visitors (where the sewing machine usually was kept), and during the seventies there developed an appreciation of the necessity for a bathroom.

At the rear of the house, upstairs, was a bleak little chamber, called "the girl's room," and in the stable there was another bedroom, adjoining the hayloft, and called "the hired man's room." House and stable cost seven or eight thousand dollars to build, and people with that much money to invest in such comforts were classified as the Rich. They paid the inhabitant of "the girl's room" two dollars a week, and, in the latter part of this period, two dollars and a half, and finally three dollars a week. She was Irish ordinarily, or German, or it might be Scandinavian, but never native to the land unless she happened to be a person of color. The man or youth who lived in the stable had like wages, and sometimes, too, was lately a steerage voyager, but much oftener he was colored.

After sunrise on pleasant mornings the alleys behind the stables were gay; laughter and shouting went up and down their dusty lengths, with a lively accompaniment of curryscombs knocking against back fences and stable walls, for the darkies loved to curry their horses in the alleys. Darkies always prefer to gossip in shouts instead of whispers, and they feel that profanity, unless it be vociferous, is almost worthless. Horrible phrases were caught by early rising children and carried to older people for definition, sometimes at inopportune moments; while less investigative children would often merely repeat the phrases in some subsequent flurry of agitation, and yet bring about consequences so emphatic as to be recalled with ease in middle life.

They have passed, those darky hired men of the Midland town. The stables have been transformed into other likenesses, or swept away, like the woodsheds where were kept the stovewood and kindling that the "girl" and the "hired man" always quarreled over; who should fetch it.

So with other vanishings. There were the little bumpy street cars on the long, single track that went its troubled way among the cobblestones. At the rear door of the car there was no platform, but a step where passengers hung in wet clumps when the weather was bad and the crowd crowded. The patrons—if not too absent-minded—put their fares into a slot; and no conductor paced the heaving floor, but the driver would rap remindingly with his elbow upon the glass of the door to his little open platform if the nickels and the passengers did not appear to coincide in number. A lone mule drew the car, and sometimes drew it off the track, when the passengers would get out and push it on again. They really owed it courtesies like this, for the car was generally accommodating; a lady could whistle to it from an upstairs window, and the car would halt at once and wait for her while she shut the window, put on her hat and cloak, went downstairs, found an umbrella, told the "girl" what to have for dinner, and came forth from the house.

They even had time to dance "square dances," quadrilles and "lancers;" they also danced the "rackette" and schottisches and polkas,

and such whims as the "Portland fancy." They pushed back the sliding doors between the "parlor" and the "sitting room," tacked down crash over the carpets, hired a few palms in green tubs, stationed three or four Italian musicians under the stairway in the "front hall"—and had great nights!

"Keeping open house," was a merry custom; it has gone, like the all-day picnic in the woods, and like that prettiest of all vanished customs, the serenade. When a lively girl visited the town she did not long go unserenaded, though a visitor was not indeed needed to excuse a serenade. Of a summer night young men would bring an orchestra under a pretty girl's window—or, it might be, her father's, or that of an ailing maiden aunt—and flute, harp, cello, cornet and bass viol would pleasantly release the dulcet stars such melodies as sing through "You'll Remember Me," "I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Kathleen Mavourneen," or "The Soldier's Farewell."

Croquet and the mildest archery ever known were the sports of people still young and active enough for so much exertion; middle age played euchre. There was a theater, next door to the Amberson hotel, and when Edwin Booth came for a night everybody who could afford to buy a ticket was there, and all the "backs" in town were hired. "The Black Crook" also filled the theater, but the audience then was almost entirely of men, who looked uneasy as they left for home when the final curtain fell upon the shocking girls dressed as fairies. But the theater did not often do so well; the people of the town were still too thrifty.

They were thrifty because they were the sons or grandsons of the "early settlers," who had opened the wilderness and had reached it from the East and the South with wagons and axes and guns, but with no money at all. The pioneers were thrifty or they would have perished; they had to store away food for the winter, or goods to trade for food, and they often feared they had not stored enough—they left traces of that fear in their sons and grandsons. In the minds of most of these, indeed, their thrift was next to their religion; to save, even for the sake of saving, was their earliest lesson and discipline. No matter how prosperous they were they could not spend money either upon "art," or upon mere luxury and entertainment, without a sense of sin.

Against so homespun a background the magnificence of the Ambersons was as conspicuous as a brass band at a funeral. Major Amberson bought two hundred acres of land at the end of National avenue; and through this tract he built broad streets and cross-roads; paved them with cedar block, and curbed them with stone. He set up fountains, here and there, where the streets intersected, and at symmetrical intervals placed cast-iron statues, painted white, with their titles clear upon the pedestals; Minerva, Mercury, Hercules, Venus, Gladiator, Emperor Augustus, Fisher Boy, Stag-hound, Mastiff, Greyhound, Fawn, Antelope, Wounded Doe and Wounded Lion. Most of the forest trees had been left to flourish still, and, at some distance, or by moonlight, the place was in truth beautiful; but the ardent



"Sixty Thousand Dollars for the Wood-work Alone."

citizen, loving to see his city grow, wanted neither distance nor moonlight. He had not seen Versailles, but, standing before the fountain of Neptune in Amberson addition, at bright noon, and quoting the favorite comparison of the local newspapers he declared Versailles outdone. All this Art showed a profit from the start, for the lots sold well and there was something like a rush to build in the new Addition. Its main thor-

oughfare, an oblique continuation of National avenue, was called Amberson boulevard, and here, at the juncture of the new boulevard and the avenue, Major Amberson reserved four acres for himself and built his new house—the Amberson mansion, of course.

This house was the pride of the town. Faced with stone as far back as the dining-room windows, it was a house of arches and turrets and girdling stone porches; it had the first porte cochere seen in that town. There was a central "front hall" with a great black-walnut stairway, and open to a green glass skylight called the "dome," three stories above the ground floor. A ballroom occupied most of the third story, and at one end of it was carved a walnut gallery for the musicians. Citizens told strangers that the cost of all this black walnut and wood carving was sixty thousand dollars. "Sixty thousand dollars for the woodwork alone! Yes, sir, and hardwood floors all over the house! Turkish rugs and no carpets at all, except a Brussels carpet in the front parlor—I hear they call it the 'reception room.' Hot and cold water upstairs and down, and stationary washstands in every bedroom in the place! Their sideboard's built right into the house and goes all the way across one end of the dining room. It isn't walnut, it's solid mahogany! Not veneering—solid mahogany! Well, sir, I presume the president of the United States would be tickled to swap the White House for the new Amberson mansion, if the Major'd give him the chance—but by the Almighty Dollar, you bet your sweet life the Major wouldn't!"

The visitor to the town was certain to receive further enlightenment, for there was one form of entertainment never omitted: he was always patriotically taken for "a little drive round our city," even if his host had to hire a hack, and the climax of the display was the Amberson mansion. "Look at that greenhouse they've put up there in the side yard," the escort would continue. "And look at that brick stable! Most folks would think that stable plenty big enough and good enough to live in; it's got running water and four rooms upstairs for two hired men and one of 'em's family to live in. They keep one hired man loafin' in the house, and they got a married hired man out in the stable, and his wife does the washing. This town never did see so much style as Ambersons are putting on these days; and I guess it's going to be expensive, because a lot of other folks'll try to keep up with 'em. The Major's wife and the daughter's been to Europe, and my wife tells me since they got back they make tea there every afternoon about five o'clock and drink it. Seems to me it would go against a person's stomach, just before supper like that, and anyway tea isn't fit for much—not unless you're sick or something. Looks to me like some people in this city'd be willing to go crazy if they thought that would help 'em to be as high-toned as Ambersons. Old Aleck Minafer—he's about the closest old codger we got—he come in my office the other day, and he pretty near had a stroke tellin' me about his daughter Fanny. Seems Miss Isabel Amberson's got some kind of a dog—they call it a St. Bernard—and Fanny was bound to have one, too. Well, old Aleck told her he didn't like dogs except rat terriers, because a rat terrier cleans up the mice, but she kept on at him, and finally he said all right she could have one. Then, by George! she says Amberson's bought their dog, and you don't get one without paying for it: they cost from fifty to a hundred dollars up! Old Aleck wanted to know if I ever heard of anybody's buyin' a dog before, because, even a Newfoundland or a setter, you can usually get somebody to give you one. He says he saw some sense in payin' a nigger a dime, or even a quarter, to drown a dog for you, but to pay out fifty dollars and maybe more—well, sir, he like to choked himself to death, right there in my office! Of course everybody realizes that Major Amberson is a fine business man, but what with throwin' money around for dogs, and every which and what, some think all this style's bound to break him up, if his family don't quit!"

One citizen, having thus discoursed to a visitor, came to a thoughtful pause, and then added, "Does seem pretty much like squandering, yet when you see that dog out walking with this Miss Isabel, he seems worth the money."

"What's she look like?" "Well, sir," said the citizen, "she's not more than just about eighteen or maybe nineteen years old, and I don't know as I know just how to put it—but she's kind of a delightful lookin' young lady!"

CHAPTER II.

Another citizen said an eloquent thing about Miss Isabel Amberson's looks. This was Mrs. Henry Franklin Foster, the foremost literary authority and intellectual leader of the com-

munity—for both the daily newspapers thus described Mrs. Foster when she founded the Women's Tennyson club; and her word upon art, letters and the drama was accepted more as law than as opinion. Naturally when "Hazel Kirke" finally reached town, after its long triumph in larger places, many people waited to hear what Mrs. Henry Franklin Foster thought of it before they felt warranted in expressing any estimate of the play. In fact, some of them waited in the lobby of the theater as they came out and formed an inquiring group about her.

"I didn't see the play," she informed them.

"What! Why, we saw you, right in the middle of the fourth row!" "Yes," she said, smiling, "but I was sitting just behind Isabel Amberson. I couldn't look at anything except her wayward hair and the wonderful back of her neck."

The indelible young men of the town (they were all indelible) were unable to content themselves with the view that had so charmed Mrs. Henry Franklin Foster; they spent their time struggling to keep Miss Amberson's face turned toward them. She turned it most often, observers said, toward two: one excelling in the general struggle by his sparkle, and the other by that winning if not winsome old trait, persistence. The sparkling gentleman "led Germans" with her, and sent sonnets to her with his bouquets—sonnets lacking neither music nor wit. He was generous, poor, well-dressed, and his amazing persuasiveness was one reason why he was always in debt. No one doubted that he would be able to persuade Isabel, but he unfortunately joined too merry a party one night, and during a moonlight serenade upon the lawn before the Amberson mansion, was easily identified from the windows as the person who stepped through the bass viol and had to be assisted to a waiting carriage. One of Miss Amberson's brothers was among the serenaders, and when the party had dispersed remained propped against the front door in a state of helpless liveliness; the Major going down in a dressing gown and slippers to bring him in, and scolding mildly, while imperfectly concealing strong impulses to laughter. Miss Amberson also laughed at this brother the next day, but for the suit it was a different matter; she refused to see him when he called to apologize. "You seem to care a great deal about bass viols!" he wrote her. "I promise never to break another."

She made no response to the note, unless it was an answer, two weeks later, when her engagement was announced. She took the persistent one, Wilbur Minafer, no breaker of bass viols or of hearts, no serenader at all.

A few people, who always foresaw everything, claimed that they were not surprised, because though Wilbur Minafer "might not be an Apollo, as it were," he was "a steady young business man and a good church goer," and Isabel Amberson was "pretty sensible—for such a showy girl." But the engagement astounded the young people, and most of their fathers and mothers too; and as a topic it supplanted literature at the next meeting of the "Women's Tennyson club."

"Wilbur Minafer!" a member cried, her inflection seeming to imply that Wilbur's crime was explained by his surname. "Wilbur Minafer! It's the queerest thing I ever heard! To think of her taking Wilbur Minafer, just because a man any woman would like a thousand times better was a little wild one night at a serenade!"

"No, that wasn't her reason," said wise Mrs. Henry Franklin Foster. "If men only knew it—and it's a good thing they don't—a woman doesn't really care much about whether a man's wild or not, if it doesn't affect herself, and Isabel Amberson doesn't care a thing!"

"Mrs. Foster!" "No, she doesn't. What she minds is his making a clown of himself in her front yard! It made her think he didn't care much about her. She's probably mistaken, but that's what she thinks, and it's too late for her to think anything else now, because she's going to be married right away—the invitations will be out next week. It'll be a big Amberson-style thing, raw oysters floating in scooped-out blocks of ice and a band from out of town—champagne, showy presents; a colossal present from the Major. Then Wilbur will take Isabel on the carefulest little wedding trip he can manage, and she'll be a good wife to him, but they'll have the worst spoiled lot of children this town will ever see."

"How on earth do you make that out, Mrs. Foster?" "She couldn't love Wilbur, could she?" Mrs. Foster demanded, with no challengers. "Well, it will all go to her children, and she'll ruin 'em!"

The prophetic proved to be mistaken in a single detail merely: except for that her foresight was accurate. The wedding was of Ambersonian magnificence, even to the floating oysters; and the Major's colossal present was a set of architect's designs for a house almost as elaborate and

impressive as the Mansion, the house to be built in Amberson addition by the Major.

At midnight the bride was still being toasted in champagne, though she had departed upon her wedding journey at ten. Four days later the pair had returned to town, which promptness seemed fairly to demonstrate that Wilbur had indeed taken Isabel upon the carefulest little trip he could manage. According to every report she was from the start "a good wife to him," but here in a final detail the prophecy proved inaccurate. Wilbur and Isabel did not have children; they had only one.

"Only one," Mrs. Henry Franklin Foster admitted. "But I'd like to



"You Think You Own This Town!" know if he isn't spoiled enough for a whole carload!"

Again she found none to challenge her.

At the age of nine George Amberson Minafer, the Major's one grandchild, was a princely terror, dreaded not only in Amberson addition but in many other quarters through which he galloped on his white pony. "By jolly, I guess you think you own this town!" an embittered laborer complained one day, as George rode the pony straight through a pile of sand the man was sieving. "I will when I grow up," the undisturbed child replied. "I guess my grandpa owns it now, you bet!" And the baffled workman, having no means to controvert what seemed a mere exaggeration of the facts, could only mutter, "Oh, pull down your vest!"

"Don't haf to! Doctor says it ain't healthy!" the boy returned promptly. "But I tell you what I'll do: I'll pull down my vest if you'll wipe off your chin!"

This was stock and stencil: the accustomed argot of street badinage of the period; and in such matters George was an expert. He had no vest to pull down; the incongruous fact was that a fringed sash girdled the juncture of his velvet blouse and breeches, for the Fauntleroy period had set in, and George's mother had so poor an eye for appropriate things, where George was concerned, that she dressed him according to the doctrine of that school in boy decoration.

Except upon the surface (which was not his own work but his mother's) George bore no vivid resemblance to the fabulous little Coderie. The storied boy's famous "Lenn on me, grand-father," would have been difficult to imagine upon the lips of George. A month after his ninth birthday anniversary, when the Major gave him his pony, he had already become acquainted with the toughest boys in various distant parts of the town, and had convinced them that the toughness of a rich little boy with long curls might be considered in many respects superior to their own. He fought them, learning how to go bareback at a certain point in a fight, bursting into tears of anger, reaching for rocks, uttering wailed threats of murder, and attempting to fulfill them. Fights often led to intimacies, and he acquired the art of saying things more exciting than "Don't haf to!" and "Doctor says it ain't healthy!" Thus on a summer afternoon a strange boy, sitting bored upon the gatepost of the Rev. Malloch Smith, beheld George Amberson Minafer rapidly approaching on his white pony and was impelled by bitterness to shout: "Shoot the ole jackass! Look at the girly curls! Say, bub, where'd you steal your mother's ole sash!"

George Amberson Minafer begins to grow up and meets the beautiful Miss Lucy Morgan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Woman's Department

This Department is edited by Julia Bottomley, Associate Editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, and Nellie Maxwell, a National authority on Domestic Economy, for the pleasure and profit of the Ladies of Sierra Madre and vicinity.—J. F. Whiting, Editor

The KITCHEN CABINET

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.
A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that m. in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.
—Joyce Kilmer.

FEEDING THE SICK AND CONVALESCENT

Few families are so fortunate as to escape illness during some time of their history. Good feeding is an important factor in maintaining health, but in spite of good food a sudden chill or strain of overwork or worry will overwhelm even a strong and healthy body.

Since all food must be reduced to fluid form before it can be digested and assimilated, that seems to be the best form to serve it to those who are ill. This diet includes broths and clear soups of various kinds, beef juice and beef tea, cereals, gruels, milk plain or modified to make it more digestible, nutritious or more agreeable to the patient, raw eggs in combination with water, milk, fruit juices or cocoa and cream soups of various kinds.

Broths, clear soups and beef tea have little nourishment, but stimulate the appetite, are refreshing when cold or soothing when hot; they also stimulate the flow of gastric juice. By adding eggs, milk or the thickening of cereal flour like barley or rice, they may be quite nutritive.

Cereal gruels are neither stimulating nor irritating and are most useful when the appetite is poor and digestion weak, as they are quickly digested and absorbed.

Like broths, gruels may be enriched by eggs, cream and milk, for one could not drink enough to keep up the body energy without the addition of some more nutritive food.

The world would be more happy and the mass of people in it just as wise, if they would whistle more and argue less.

SOME CHOICE DESSERTS.

A delicious and well-prepared dessert will often help us to forget that the preceding dishes were not all that we desired. At this season of the year frozen desserts and light, easily digested dishes are more suitable. During the hot weather we need refreshing combinations rather than the nourishing; however, one may have both in a dish of ice cream. A most satisfactory sherbet, which is both delicious and economical, is

Velvet Sherbet.—Take the juice of three lemons, two cupsful of sugar and a quart of good milk, the richer the better, though ordinary milk will be satisfactory. Freeze and serve in sherbet cups.

Orange and Lemon Sherbet.—Take the juice of two oranges, two lemons and two cupsful of sugar and a quart of thin cream; freeze as usual.

Dainty Dessert.—Take a pound of marshmallows and a cup of pecans cut fine; cut the marshmallows into quarters and add enough whipped cream to blend and hold them together. Into a large-topped sherbet glass put a tablespoonful of any canned fruit juice, fill with the whip and serve with a cherry as a garnish.

Duchess Cream.—Take six tablespoonfuls of tapioca; cook until clear; cool, add a pinch of salt, one cupful of sugar, the juice from a can of pineapple, the juice of two oranges and two lemons; cook until thick. Cool, then add the pineapple, one cupful of nuts and a pint of whipping cream. This makes enough to serve 15, so that the recipe may be cut in half for an ordinary family.

Chocolate Pudding.—Take one egg and when well beaten add one-half cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, two squares of chocolate melted, one and one-half cupsful of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Steam one and one-half hours and serve with

Grapenuts Pudding.—Prepare one package of lemon jelly as usual, then add one cupful of steamed raisins, one-half cupful of sugar and one cupful of grapenuts, six walnut meats cut fine, all well mixed. Put into a mold and serve with whipped cream.

Milk is one of the most valuable foods for sick people and fortunately most patients like it. It has been called the perfect food. Its value may be increased by changing its flavor, adding yeast to it making a drink called koumiss and by adding junket or rennin to partly digest it making it more palatable and adding variety.

To hear the call of thrushes some late green plush afternoon,
When broken, fading shafts of light
Go groping for the one last sight
Of songsters in the gloom.
To swing along the rugged trail that
spruce and hemlocks climb,
Till on the hill's high top you come
to stand exalted in the sun! Ah,
this is summer time.
—Beulah Rector.

ORIGINAL DESIGNS IN COOKERY.

To the artist cook who really enjoys mixing ingredients, as a painter does his colors, there is no limit to the tasty, delightful dishes which one may originate or enlarge upon, with the materials at hand. Take for instance a steamed plum pudding. A piece of corn bread, a half a cupful of cooked oatmeal, a few bread crumbs, a cupful of left-over cocoa and a few raisins with two egg yolks left from a frosting or dessert will make a most tasty pudding. After some experience in handling foods one may concoct toothsome dishes of bits of left-overs. It is not always wise to tell all one knows as to a dish, for some conscientious objectors will refuse to even try a made-over or rearranged food.

Savory salads which have some elusive aroma and seasoning which adds to their charm and is hard to determine, makes such a dish "something different." One must follow a few fundamental principles in cookery, and after that let the imagination soar. The cook who wastes nothing, but at the same time serves her food in a dainty, tasty and appetizing manner, is a real genius, and her talents are in constant demand.

Do you throw away the half-cupful, cupful or more of melted ice cream that might make a pudding for the next day or be used in a cake, adding less sugar?

Sandwich filling and salads make a wide field for original designs, as well as flour mixtures.

The art of cooking cannot be learned out of a book any more than the art of swimming or the art of painting. The best teacher is practice; the best guide sentiment (providing you have any).

FOOD COMBINATIONS.

There is no law which governs the foods that go well together, for the kind of food served depends upon whether you are an oriental or a Bostonian. The tastes of a people determine the food combination. It is a study which is both a science and an art. We may seem to thrive on one kind of food, but we find that where two or three are served they digest better and are better able to keep up the body activities. If we treat the body as a well regulated furnace which is fed at intervals, not stuffed with the day's allowance which will choke the fires through imperfect combustion, we will be intelligent in the choice and care of food.

If we overeat we waste good fuel, and overwork the furnace; if we are undernourished the furnace cannot give off heat or supply energy.

The three food principles which we find supply the body in the best possible manner are proteins, meat, fish, eggs and milk, fats which are obtained from butter, cream and nuts, carbohydrates or sugars and starches represented by potatoes, rice and sugar. To see that these three foods are included in each meal we have what is called a well-balanced meal. If they are served in good proportions.

In each meal we have another responsibility to see that foods containing iron, phosphorus and calcium are given as well as some which furnish the roughage or ballast necessary to give bulk to the food.

The menu maker needs to know her family, to recognize the value of variety, and yet not to overdo it, for we all are faithful to the old favorites.

Nellie Maxwell

DAY OF NARROW AND WIDE SKIRT

Those who study styles closely look upon the full overskirt gathered in at the bottom as a forerunner of wide skirts, writes a New York fashion correspondent. The silhouette has followed the straight and narrow way so long that unless there is a change fashions will become stagnant and there will not be sufficient stimulation to the art and industry of evolving new clothes to keep it at its best. Nor will we enjoy the exhilaration that comes from the wearing of something entirely new. The narrow silhouette, as well as the wide, appears in collections created by the same designers, and this is bound to fill us with uncertainty in ordering our costumes.

At the house of Calot in Paris are shown dresses of the flaring Camargo silhouette, their straight bell skirts fairly bristling with frills cut so that they stand out almost stiffly, and in juxtaposition to these there are Calot gowns so slender in their lines that Grecian draperies are wide compared to them. Many women order both types of frocks, but she who looks into the future and buys her clothes to predate a fashion will give consideration to the wider skirt.

Narrow and Wide at Same Time.
The new skirts puff out halfway between the knee and the ankle. There are several ways of creating this effect, which looks as though accomplished by means of a crinoline or a cage. One is by a clever manipulation of drapery; other times the bottom of the tunic is shirred to a heavy cord. There is always a tunic or overskirt cut to flare at the bottom, where it is brought in to a tight, straight foundation.



Dress of Black Taffeta With Wired Collar and Undersleeves of White Net and Belt of Chinese Blue Ribbon.

tion skirt, for fashion still insists that skirts must be narrow at the ankle, and no matter how voluminous they are above, they must decrease to a mere band at the hem.

The Mermaid Dress

I want to tell you about one other dress that a Fifth avenue designer has just made. It reminds one of a mermaid. The upper part is of iridescent spangled silver cloth that drapes loosely around the body and low on the hips. It gleams like a shiny body that has just come out of the ocean into the moonlight. The lower part is black satin, which is very tight around the ankles and creeps away into a little fishtail train that undulates along behind one.

Even the realm of parasol has been invaded by new materials. The same feeling for the use of wintry fabrics in this summer's clothes that we have seen noted in both hats and gowns is expressed in parasols. Black velvet frequently is used for them; these are lined with thin silks of contrasting tone, blue being the color most often used.

Ostrich Finds New Place for Plumage.
The French craze for the use of ostrich feathers appears in parasols as well as hats. Many of these imported by American firms are of taffeta bordered with ostrich. Others have the three little Prince of Wales ostrich tips placed at the end of each rib, and still others have the ferrule encircled with feathers.

Taffeta is a favorite material for these gowns, because the stiffness of the silk aids greatly in accomplishing the desired bouffancy. One black taffeta



Gown of Black Taffeta, Featuring the Fitted Bodice, Which Is Taking the Place of the Chemise Lines. The Marie Antoinette Fichu is of French Mull.

feta frock is corded in an unusual way. The cords take the form of half hoops, beginning at the bottom of the skirt and curving upward toward the waist. This silhouette aims to give an effect of extreme flatness both in the back and front and a puffiness at the sides.

In the skirt just described the front is flat solid cording, with the taffeta setting out stiffly at either side. The flat appearance in the back is emphasized through the skirt being drawn toward the front by means of the shirings. The skirt is considerably longer in the back than in the front.

On one of the most striking costumes showing the new silhouette the tight underskirt has two large wheels formed by shirring narrow pieces of taffeta and setting them in circular fashion on a plain skirt. The same treatment is carried out on the sleeves.

Mellow Brown Comes Once More.

We have always thought of brown as a winter color. Now it is being used for our summer clothes, and used with enchanting effect. A new shade of brown, that very soft and mellow brown tone seen in the roots of trees, suggests hitherto unthought-of color combinations. A tendency toward a profuse use of this color appeared first in the French hats that came over this spring; many models from the best Paris modistes were in this shade.

Now one sees on Fifth avenue in the morning shopping hours ever so many smart women wearing accordeon-plaited skirts of brown checked or plaided woolen, with short coats of navy blue serge.

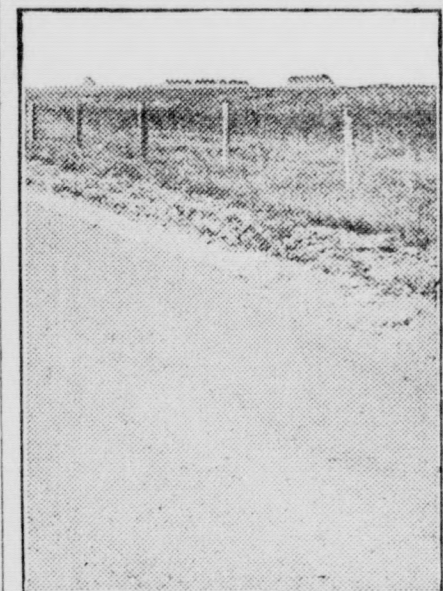
ROAD BUILDING

BENEFITS OF COUNTRY ROADS

Among Other Things They Cheapen Cost of Transportation of Farm Products to Market.

Good roads promote self-respect in a community. They make possible social intercourse. They bring the benefits of churches and schools within the reach of all. They help to keep the boys on the farm. They cheapen the cost of transportation of farm products to the markets and thus add to the farm profits. They add to the value of farm lands much more than they cost. They mark the degree of civilization of the rural community. This, in short, is the value of good roads as seen by the extension service of the University of Missouri College of Agriculture.

The building of good roads is of the greatest importance to a community. What kind of a road should be built? Of what should it be constructed?



Good Roads Like This Bring Farmer Nearer to City Markets.

What are the things to be considered in locating the road? What "grade" should be maintained? How should the road be drained? What are the laws governing highway construction? There are a few questions answered in extension circular 68 dealing with country roads.

Matters of prime consideration in locating a road are: Easy grades, good drainage, exposure to sunshine, elimination of culverts and bridges by avoiding unnecessary creek crossings, directness and the number of farms to be served for a given length of road. Whenever possible to avoid it, a good location should not be rejected merely because a certain roadway has been in use for some time. If the location of a used road is bad it should be changed if possible. In relocating roads avoid railroad crossings at grades.

The grade of the road is important for on this depends the weight of the load which can be hauled economically. By grade is meant the rise or fall in feet for each 100 feet in horizontal length of road, usually expressed in percentage. A 5 per cent grade means that the road rises or falls 5 feet each 100 feet along its center line. It has been calculated that on a smooth country road the load that one horse could pull on a level would require two on a 5 per cent grade, three on a 10 per cent grade and four on a 15 per cent grade. Engineers usually figure a 6 per cent grade as a maximum.

Road work in Missouri has not been as well managed as other public work. Projects have been too narrowly limited to localities, resulting in fragmentary effort. Skilled locating and supervision of construction have been generally lacking. The remedies are: First, a wider co-operation and the adoption of broad schemes of improvement, preferably with units no smaller than counties. Second, the absolute elimination of political considerations in the spending of money. Third, securing good engineering advice in the preparation of plans and requiring careful engineering supervision of construction.

ENGLAND SPENDS 50 MILLION

Grants to That Amount Will Be Distributed for Reconstruction of Roads and Bridges.

Grants amounting to \$50,000,000 will be distributed by the British road board for the reconstruction of roads and bridges in England in 1919. Demobilized army units will be used to do the labor. Local highway authorities will be required to match this appropriation by at least as large a program of road work as they carried out in the year before the war. Area taken into consideration, England's program is thus far in excess of that of the United States, including both federal aid and state funds.

POOR ROADS ARE EXPENSIVE

Congressional Report Places Annual Loss at \$504,000,000 for Transportation Alone.

The congressional report of 1914 placed the economic loss of the United States through poor roads at an annual figure of \$504,000,000 for transportation costs alone. The heavy increase in tonnage since that time probably makes the loss today close to \$1,000,000,000.

DADDY'S FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

THE MONKEYS.

"Often," said one of the monkeys, "the zoo doesn't agree with us so because it is a change of for us."

"And often," said another, "we don't get enough exercise. We need running and climbing and all that."

Now the keeper knew that the monkeys needed exercise. He used to plan different things for them to play, and he would play with them.

There was the delightful game of knocking off the keeper's hat. That wasn't a game which had much exercising in it, but it was a lovely game just the same.

They would play that, first one monkey and then the other. The keeper would stand by the cage with the door open and one of the monkeys would jump down from his swing and would push off the keeper's hat.

Then the people standing around and the children would all shriek with delight and laugh for all they were worth.

The keeper, of course, entered into the fun, or he wouldn't have suggested the game in the first place, and he did suggest it and stay around to play it again and again.

Then the children watched the monkeys as they did all sorts of tricks on their bars and they watched the keeper as he took out his pet monkey, the one who had been in the zoo the longest, and held him on his shoulder.

The monkey put his head down and looked at the keeper out of his sharp little eyes as though to say,

"Oh, keeper dear, I love you."

And the keeper stroked the monkey and said,

"I wouldn't exchange you, my little monkey for any of these boys and girls around here."

That made all the boys and girls laugh hard for they thought they were far nicer than even the nicest monkey and they were sure that mothers and fathers thought so too even though there were times when they weren't quite so devoted as at other times.

But the keeper hadn't any little boys and girls and he did have his pet monkey.

"Ah, monkey, we must think of some good games, some new games, you and I," and the monkey jumped back in the cage and did a fine trick, hanging by his tail, to ask the keeper in monkey talk what he thought of that.

"Fine, fine," said the keeper, "but I must think of something for you two monkeys here, you and your little pal. You both need to play a game which has more exercise in it."

"Ah, now I have the very thing. I have something in my office," so he put a ball and bat into their cage. One monkey was black and gray with white ears and eyebrows and eye-lashes and the other was without the touches of white.

They were both very devoted monkeys and used to sit with their tails entwined or one tall around the other's waist.

How delighted they were when the keeper handed them the bat and the ball. They got off their swing where they had been sitting and said,

"Just what we need—exercise."

And if you think that boys and girls are the only ones who know how to play ball you should have seen those two monkeys playing ball.

One held the bat and the other threw the ball. They hit it back and forth, they caught it and they chased around their cage after it.

What a game they had! And how happy it made the keeper to see them. After they had played a good long time they stopped and rested and shook the dust off themselves for monkeys are really very clean.

And they had, after afternoon tea, or rather they had an afternoon banana in place of toast or cake, and in place of the tea they had some water.

"Well," said the first monkey, "we had our exercise all right."

"We did," said the second monkey, "and what a fine game playing ball is."

"It's a regular game, that's what it is," said the first monkey, as he once more sat beside the second monkey with his tail around the other's waist.

Angels Make Much Dust.

Clouds were scurrying across the sky one morning when four-year-old Elizabeth, observing them, exclaimed: "My goodness, the angels make an awful lot of dust, don't they sweep!"

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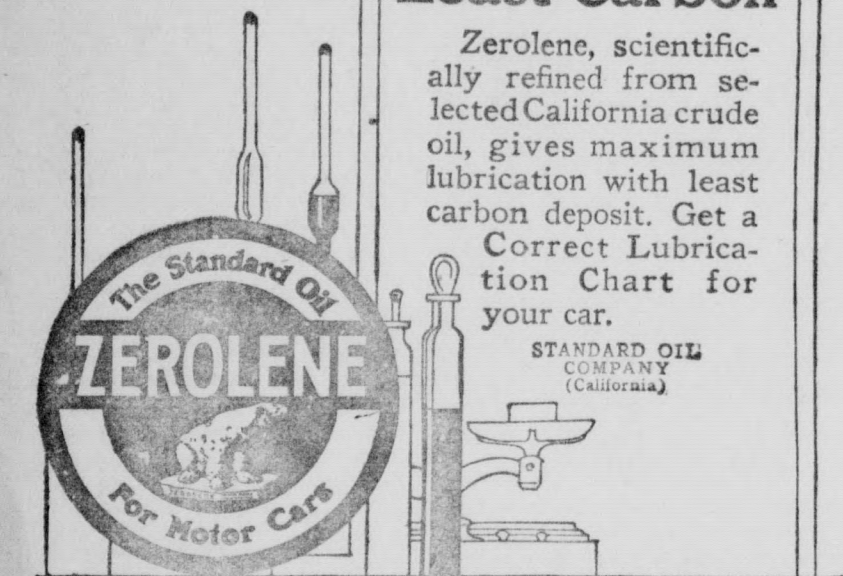
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Agents of this company, upon request, will provide you with folders descriptive of any of the beautiful, healthful resorts of the San Bernardino Mountains. They will ascertain for you without cost whether accommodations are available at any of them and at what cost. They will advise you and assist you in shipping your own camp outfit to any point accessible in the mountains, and arrange for its return to your home destination after your vacation. They will arrange all your transportation details gladly so that every feature of the journey may so far as possible be pleasant and your stay among the great trees of our own mountains the happiest days of your lives. Call upon them freely.

Pacific Electric Railway

File postcard, SIERRA MADRE AGENT
Will gladly make suggestions and solicit inquiry.

SIERRA MADRE NEWS

J. F. WHITING, Editor and Publisher
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post Office at Sierra Madre, Cal.Subscription \$2.00, Yearly in Advance
Six months \$1.00
Paper Stopped at Expiration.

ADVERTISING RATES

Per inch..... 20c
Front page, per inch..... 25c
Wanted, per line..... 05c
Card of Thanks..... 25c
Obituary..... \$1.00

Telephone - - - - Black 42

ACROSTIC

Softly, shadows veil the mountain
height,
In gentle whisper, cooling breeze 'tells
night;
Each bright hued flower lifts a drooping
head,
Revealing beauty erstwhile dimmed,
not dead.
Reviving hope comes with the moon-
beam's light,
As I bid my staunch Sierra guards
'goodnight.'

Moonbeams go with me, and within
my room
Are quietly driving out the gathering
gloom.
Despondent hopelessness and grim
despair
Retreat in this blest hour of grateful
prayer.
Encompassed, Madre, by thy tender
care.
—A. L. Soran.

LAMANDA PARK HERALD SOLD

Mr. W. H. Green, who for several
months has had charge of the me-
chanical department of the News, has
purchased the Lamanda Park Herald
and assumes charge this week.

While we regret to lost the services
of Mr. Green who is not only a com-
petent workman but a true gentle-
man, we wish him success in his new
venture and can assure the people of
our neighboring city that he will give
them a paper of the highest class, and
worthy of their cordial support.

Mr. Green is not new at the news-
paper game, having edited several pa-
pers in Southern California, each one
of which were a credit to the town
and a booster for the community.
Brother editors will be glad to see
him back in harness again "on his
own." His son, Wellington Green, will
take his father's place as foreman of
the News.

HERE TOO

Downey Champion. —The Champi-
on would like to keep every subscri-
ber we have and add many more to
the list. However, we find it neces-
sary to drop names every week be-
cause of the failure of subscribers to
renew their subscription. We dislike
to do this, but as our rule is rigidly
enforced to all alike, no favoritism be-
ing shown, there can be no complaint
offered. We take it that the person
who fails to renew for the paper after
being notified his time has expired,
when he knows our rule to disconti-
nue, is virtually ordering the paper
stopped. For this reason the blame
attaches to the person who ignores
the notices given him.

We added three new names to our
list this week, and notwithstanding
the loss of a few subscribers, the
Champion list is steadily growing.
Please watch your date and renew
promptly. You need the Champion
and we need your support.

PHONE US THE NEWS

The News wants all of the home
news and will appreciate items that
come in over the phone.

Wanted on last page.

FLOWERS FOR OUR FLOAT

One Million Blossoms Will Be Necess-
sary to Make a Prize
Winner

Last year Sierra Madre had no
float in the Pasadena Tournament of
Flowers because insufficient flowers were
grown here, but next year we pro-
pose to be represented with a prize
winner.

In order that there might be no
question of decoration this year, the
Board of Trade has appropriated a
fund and appointed a committee com-
posed of Earl Topping and W. W.
Felgate, to have charge of the raising
of flowers and decorating the float.

Mr. Felgate will superintend the
growing end, and already has had the
vacant lot on which the bandstand
stands, plowed, and in a couple of
weeks the seeds will be planted. The
flower selected is the calendula (mari-
gold) and besides the "city flower gar-
den" every resident in town will be
asked to plant these flowers in their
yard, garden or along the sidewalk
parking. Seeds will be furnished free
for this purpose.

That the best results may be ob-
tained, the News suggests that Mr.
Felgate give a public demonstration
of planting the seeds, together with
instructions for their care. This
might be done when he plants the city
flower garden.

Woodson Jones has consented to act
as distributor of the free seeds and
next week we hope to announce that
they are ready for distribution. The
seeds have been ordered.

NEW SERVICE CARS

Milton Steinberger wishes us to
announce that he is now in a position
to take care of all classes of automo-
bile rentals, having recently pur-
chased new five and seven passenger
cars, and that popular prices will pre-
vail. Trip calls will be promptly
answered day or night.

There is news on every page. Read
it all.

AT THE CHURCHES

Church of the Ascension
The Rev. Wm. Carson Shaw, Rector
Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.
There will be no Sunday School or
evening Sunday service during Aug-
ust.

Services

Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m.
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11:00 a. m.
Evening Prayer, 8:00 p. m.

Congregational

"A Community Church"
Chas. C. Wilson, Minister
129 W. Central. Phone Green 36.
SUNDAY SERVICES
9:45 —Sunday School. George B.
Morgridge, Supt.
The pastor will occupy the pulpit
Sunday morning.
11:00—Morning worship and ser-
mon.

Christian Science Society

Christian Science Society of Sierra
Madre holds services in the Woman's
Club House. Sunday at 11 a. m.
Subject, "Spirit."
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Testimony meeting, Wednesday, 8
o'clock p. m.

Bethany

W. H. Pike, Acting Pastor
Sunday School, 9:45 a. m.
Preaching, 11:00 a. m., 7:30 p. m.
Wednesday evening Prayer Meet-
ing, 7:30 p. m.
Morning subject, "Man, God's Work-
manship;" evening, "The Meanest
Man in Town."

Evening meeting held at the band
stand. Come and hear W. H. Pike
talk about him and see who is the
meanest man in town.

New Service Cars

We have just purchased new five and seven passenger
cars to add to our livery service so that we are prepared to
take care of all calls, long or short hauls.

POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL

Special rates to responsible parties by the week or month.

Calls promptly answered, Day or Night

Sierra Madre Garage

Milton Steinberger, Prop.

PHONE MAIN 110

37-45 W. Central Ave.

M. D. WELSHER
Central Market

Fresh Meats, Vegetables and Groceries

Plums for canning, all kinds, per lb. 6c
Peaches for canning, Free and Clingstone, per lb. 7c
Local water melons 15c each and up
Cantaloupes 3 for 10c, 5c and large Gems 10c
Fresh Tomato for Canning per lb. 3 1/2c
Northern Spuds \$1.25 a lug, 6 lbs. for 25c
Sweet Spuds, 3 lbs. for 25c
String Beans, 4 lbs. for 25c
Lima Beans, 4 lbs. for 25c
Green Peas, per lb. 15c
Yellow or White Onions, per lb. 5c

We are making a specialty of the Vegetable Department.
Fresh Vegetables every morning from the gardens

STORE OPEN ALL DAY SATURDAY

On account of our big mountain trade it is impossible for us
to observe Saturday as a holiday.

MEAT SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

Nice Lean Pot Roast, per lb. 22c
Breast of Lamb, per lb. 18c; 2 lbs. for 35c

M. D. WELSHER

Grocery Phone Main 6

Market Phone Main 97

Automobile Tops, Tires,
Batteries, Vulcanizing,
Retreading that lasts.

Sierra Madre work solicited. Work called for and delivered.
A SQUARE DEAL TO ALL.

Common Sense Tire and Auto
Equipment Co., Inc.34 WEST UNION ST., PASADENA
Near City Hall

Automobile Repairing

NEW TIRES, VULCANIZING, RE-TREADING AND BATTERY
REPAIRS.
HIGH GRADE GASOLINE AND OIL.
NIGHT CALLS PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

C. M. JEFFRIES GARAGE

Phone Blue 22

Rear of Welsher's Store

FOR GOOD WORK

Let J. D. Tucker do your Painting, Tinting and Dec-
orating, Fine Interior Finish Work and all kinds of Sign
Painting, Gilding, etc.

J. D. TUCKER, Painting Contractor
Established in Sierra Madre in 1888
Phone Green 80 Residence 111 Suffolk Ave.

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Modern Machinery, Careful Workmanship,
Prices Moderate, Satisfaction Guaranteed
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

34 BALDWIN AVE.

HENRY OLSEN

SIERRA MADRE MILLS

ENTIRE NEW PROCESS

Fine Graham Flour Entire Wheat for Mush
White and Yellow Corn Meal Custom Work Done for
Table or Feed

V. L. GRAHAM

S. E. Cor. Auburn and Montecito

P. O. Box 184

Alfred's Pure Ice Cream

CANDY ROASTED PEANUTE
CIGARS TOBACCO
and SOFT DRINKS

First Door East P. O. Pettitt's News Stand
Phone Green 85

BAKED BEANS

EASY TO SERVE IN HOT WEATHER

Taylor's Beans and Chili, 11 oz. can	10c
(Delicious—Appetizing—Wholesome)	
Taylor's Pork and Beans, 11 oz. can	10c
(With Tomato Sauce)	
Three P's Pork and Beans, 16 oz. can	15c
(With Tomato Sauce)	

FRESH FRUITS — FRESH VEGETABLES

++++

Specials for Saturday Only

La France Laundry Tablets, each	5c
Clean Easy Laundry Soap, cake	5c
Jayne's Snowflake Borax Soap, cake	5c
Light House Cleanser, cake	5c
Gold Dust Washing Powder, pkg.	5c

WATCH OUR SHOW WINDOWS

Store Closes at 12 o'clock each Thursday during July and August

Sierra Madre Department Store

S. R. NORRIS, Prop.

Phone Black 12 291 W. Central Ave.

Sensible Six

44 H. P.

\$1275

AT SIERRA MADRE
including War Tax



Price protected until January 1, 1920.

We want to tell you and show you why it is the best value and most economical car to own. Call or phone for demonstration.

Sierra Madre Garage

Milton Steinberger, Prop.

PHONE MAIN 110 37-45 W. Central Ave.

COAL

ORDER YOUR WINTER SUPPLY NOW

Sierra Madre Feed & Fuel Co.

PHONE MAIN 50 KERSTING BLOCK

The NEWS - Job Printing

Buy Poultry Feed, Grain, Hay,

POULTRY REMEDIES, HOG FEED, ETC., AT
LOWEST PRICES

J. W. STRICKLAND

139 ESPERANZA STREET Tel. Red 143

CHRISTOPHER'S ICE CREAM

THE SIERRA MADRE PHARMACY

F. H. HARTMAN & SON.

25 N. BALDWIN AVE. PHONE BLACK 25

The Sierra Madre Dairy is delivering their milk with a new truck.

Miss Charlotte McLaughlin of Venice is visiting her aunt, Mrs. H. Lewis.

Did you have your headlight tested at the Sierra Madre garage this week?

Another section of the new automobile law prohibits drivers under 17 years of age.

Miss Fritzie Winters of Chicago came yesterday to visit her sister, Mrs. Carl Young for a month.

Daily press reports state that all U. S. service men in France will see September morn in America.

Attorney Oscar Lawler, victim of the bomb outrage in Los Angeles, is a former resident of Sierra Madre.

Miss Gertrude Cook will arrive in Sierra Madre on Saturday, after taking the summer course at Berkeley.

Miss Daisy E. Hawks leaves next Wednesday for a month's visit with friends and relatives in San Francisco.

The Agricultural department is warning tomato growers to watch out for insects and fungus pests at this season.

Prince John David de Windsor returned from a business trip to New York and other eastern cities the last of last week.

H. J. Parham, mother and two sisters, are newcomers here and have settled in the Thomas property on West Grand View.

Dr. F. C. Blake and wife of Ohio State University are spending a ten days' outing at A. N. Adam's cottage in the Big Santa Anita Canyon.

C. E. Dougherty of Lafayette, Indiana, wife and three children, were hunting here this week and will decide to locate here.

H. Bergen, who had just returned from a camping-out trip in the San Bernardino mountains, left for a visit of two or three weeks at Oakland Wednesday.

Mr. D. Welsher left the last of last week for an extended visit with relatives in New York. He will return about October first, before the eastern cold weather.

Mrs. Anita Baldwin, of the Baldwin ranch, it is reported, is planning to build a magnificent hotel at Lake Tahoe, an exact replica of the Flanders castle in Belgium.

Sergt. Victor C. Hill visited home folks here the first of the week. He says Marsh Field is not as active as in war time, but that there is plenty to do to keep them busy.

Miss Marjorie Maughlin is in charge of the dancing girls at the Kinema this week. Two other Sierra Madre girls, Nina Kellogg and Helen Williams, are in the dance.

C. C. Wilson represented the Board of Trade at a meeting of the Union League Club in Los Angeles Tuesday where a meeting was held to discuss the "Angeles Crest Road" project.

Dr. Carl Patten, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, and wife, spent the week-end visiting Dr. F. C. Blake and wife at the Adams Cottage, Big Santa Anita Canyon.

Mrs. L. H. Stevenson from Bishop School, La Jolla, after a six weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. H. R. Wood in Akron, Ohio, is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. D. Hawks, for several weeks.

Phone Green 118 for goat's milk.

LEAVE YOUR
ORDER
WITH US
FOR

FLOWERS
TO BE
DELIVERED
ANYWHERE
IN THE U.S.A.

Say it with Flowers

WARD NURSERY

Phone Blue 29 Mt. Trail & Laurel

Read the Wantads on the last page.

If the sweltering east only knew about our fine, cool, climate.

Want to buy something? Try a wantad and you'll be surprised at the result.

Everybody and their friends will be on the ocean front tomorrow getting their eyes full of battleships.

Mrs. R. E. Clemenson and son, Bobbie, of Kansas City, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Young last week.

Due to the carefulness of Sierra Madrians there has been no fire in town this season—so far. Be careful.

The "food committee" did not think best to publish the menu for the service men's banquet, but, whisper (secret) Turkey—Oh! Boy!

W. W. Felgate may not be able to explain all of the League of Nations questions, but he sure does know how to raise luscious watermelons.

Daniel L. Hughes, brother-in-law of the late Mrs. J. Gamble Carson, has petitioned the probate court to set aside her will and that the letters testamentary granted to Mr. Carson be revoked.

D. A. Adam who, with his family, has been spending the summer here, left for his home at Parker, Arizona, Wednesday, where he is agent for the Standard Oil Company. His family will remain a while longer.

Mrs. J. H. Wright was taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital at Los Angeles last Friday, where she was operated upon for appendicitis. She is doing nicely now and will return home in a week or ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Kehlet and little son, former residents at this place, but now at McKittrick, after a tour through the Yosemite, drove around this way and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Edwards Sunday.

MISSOURI ANNUAL PICNIC

The annual picnic of the Missouri State society will be held Saturday, August 16, at Sycamore Grove. Mr. Gardiner, of Missouri, will be present. A record-breaking attendance is predicted as the Southern California society now numbers about 4000.

MARRIED

William Swanner and Mrs. Victoria Sanchez were married Wednesday, July 30, at Long Beach. They will make their home in Los Angeles for the present, but expect to live in Arizona where Mr. Swanner will engage in copper mining.

HE LOOKS LIKE HIM

Now that the trial is over we may state, without embarrassing or annoying results, that the alleged bank robber Harris, has a "double" in Sierra Madre, alike in looks and physical action. Had he been "discovered" by the defense all sorts of complications might have resulted. He is one of our best citizens and the joke is that he does not know of the resemblance, nor that this article refers to him.

DISTURBED CHURCH SERVICES

The thoughtless person who drove up Central avenue, on the low, with engine racing and muffler wide open Sunday evening probably did not know that the unnecessary noise not only annoyed the audience at the open air gospel service, but compelled the preacher to stand silent until the noise had proceeded (slowly) up beyond Auleum avenue. It was a violation of the rules of the road, state law and common courtesy.

GROCERIES and VEGETABLES

"1919 FIRST PICKING"

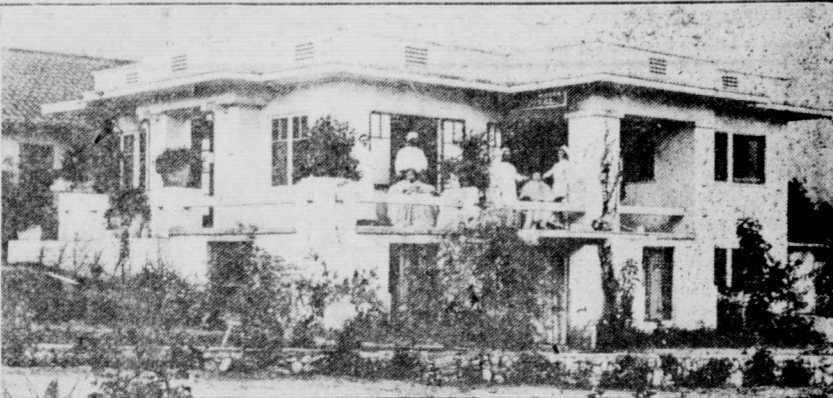
Hills Bros. Brand Japan Green Tea, 1 lb.	60c
White King Soap, 4 bars for	25c
Cocoa Naptha Soap, 4 bars for	25c
Calla Lily Soap, 2 bars for	15c
Western Star Soap, 2 bars for	15c
Electric Spark Soap, 4 bars for	24c
Fresh Tomatoes, 3 for	10c
Fresh Cucumbers, 4 for	5c
Burbank Plums, 4 for	15c
Fresh Lima Beans, 4 lbs. for	25c
Cantaloupe, 6 for	25c
Potatoes, 8 lbs. for	25c

C. M. Nomura

PHONE MAIN 46

BANK BUILDING

SIERRA MADRE HOSPITAL



A Quiet Home for Non-Contagious Diseases

GEO. W. GROTH, D. O., M. D.

Phone Blue 144

122 N. Baldwin Ave.

WALK-OVER

SEMI-ANNUAL SALE

Walk-Over

LOW SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

FOR 45 years WALK-OVER Footwear has been the accepted standard of quality and style. These clearance prices present an exceptional opportunity for substantial saving on seasonable models in all leathers.

\$4.35 to \$6.35 \$6.85 to \$9.85

Bassett's WALK-OVER Store

36 E. Colorado Street

Pasadena Cal.

"WALKOVERS
FOR
QUALITY,
BASSETT'S
FOR
SERVICE."

1847

Rodgers Bros. Silverware

Rogers Bros. 1847 Silverware has been used for three generations. Your mother and grandmother used this beautiful silverware. It is sold on a fifty (50) year guarantee but will last a lifetime. Beautiful silver is a joy forever. What woman does not love to own and use it? In order to make it easier for the housewife to use this wonderful silverware, we are going to put out 10,000 sets in Southern California at \$1.00 per week. There will be no reason why you should not use and enjoy one of these beautiful sets.

When our representative calls on you give him an interview and allow him to show you the different patterns in 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware. This merchandise is the best money can buy.

Western Distributing Company

425, 426, 427, 428, 429 Merchants Trust Building, 207 S. Broadway, Los

Watch for our Representative, as he is sure to call

Known for Service
Famous for Quality

Our reasonable prices
make buying easy.

BOYD PARK

MAKERS OF JEWELRY
100 MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY

Typewriters

All makes Rented, Repaired, Sold.
Write for prices—\$7.50 to \$100.
Utah Office and School Supply
32 W. 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah

HELP WANTED If you want big wages learn barber trade. Many small towns need barbers. Good opportunities open for men over draft age. Barbers in army have good as officers commission. Get prepared in few weeks. Call or write. **Moler Barber College**, 43 S. West Temple St., Salt Lake City

GAVE NAME TO NEW ENGLAND

Result of Capt. Smith's Exploration of Shores of "North Virginia" in the Year 1614.

Capt. John Smith, famous for his romantic career, particularly the Pocahontas episode, is generally associated with Virginia, but he was also the first to discover the beauties of the southwestern half of the Maine coast and the first to draw a map of it, an exchange recalls. In 1614 he explored the shores of what was then known as North Virginia, but which he called New England, a name that has stuck, as have many others given by him.

In "A Description of New England," printed in London in 1616, Smith wrote "I have seen at least forty several habitations on the Sea Coast and found about 25 excellent good harbors. . . . and more than 200 Isles. From Penobscot to Sagadahock this Coast is all Mountainous and Isles of huge Rocks, but overgrown with all sorts of good woods for building houses, boats, barks or ships; with an incredible abundance of most sorts of fish, much fowls and sundry sorts of good fruites for man's use. . . . The Salvages compare their store in the Sea to the halves of their heads; and surely there are an incredible abundance upon this Coast. . . . The most Northern part I was at was the Bay of Penobscot, which is East and West, North and South, more than ten leagues."

The northeastern half of the Maine coast was put on the map by Champlain. Ten years before Smith's voyage he had visited Nova Scotia, discovered and named the St. John river, and cruised as far south as the mouth of the Penobscot, which he, too, entered.

NERVES THAT TIRE EASILY

Sense of Smell One That Is Quickly Fatigued—Heat Nerves Practically Never at Rest.

The most easily tired nerves in the body are the nerves of smell. As you pass a rose in the garden the quantity of perfume that gets into your nostril must be many millions of billion of times smaller than the finest grain of sand. But rub the strongest perfume on your upper lip, and in a few seconds you fail to notice it, the nerve of smell is so quickly fatigued. The heat nerves and cold nerves, which are quite distinct from the nerves of ordinary sensation, also give over working very quickly. A bath that seems quite hot when you get into it very soon ceases to cause any particular feeling of heat.

Nerves of hearing and sight can go through an enormous amount of work. For sixteen hours a day they work hard, and are still willing to do more. The nerves of the heart are the most untiring of all. From the first dawn of life until the last gasp they work without stopping for one instant.

A Gallop in the Country.

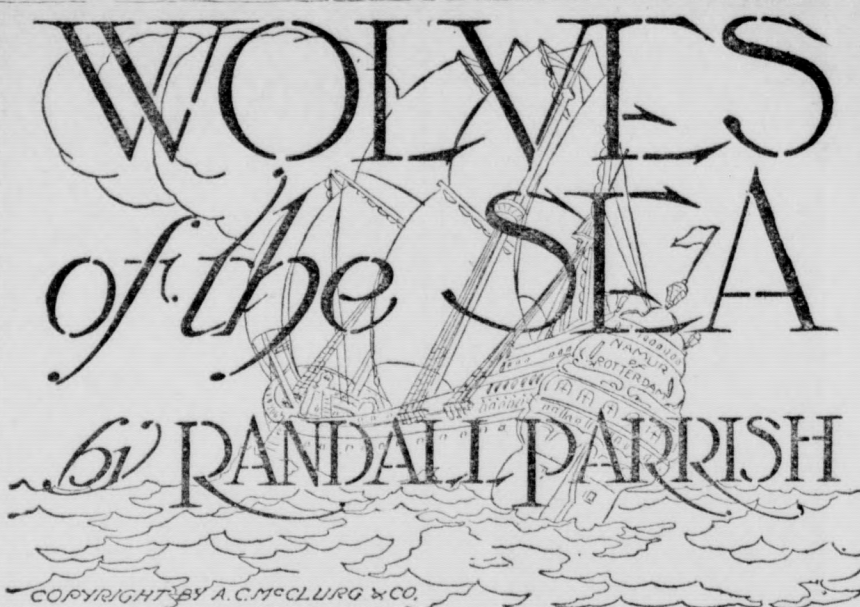
What pleasure is keener than that afforded by an early morning gallop in the country? Choose a bright, fresh May day, a little after sunrise, when dew and flowers and bird-song and wind-rustle and all the sweets and perfumes are at their best; mount and away. Your good horse will know what you are going to do, and will show the liveliest interest, for he likes their early flights as well as you do. . . . He hears the bird-song, too.—Maurice Thompson.

Seven Days King.

The "seven days king" was Masaniello (Thomas Aniello), born in 1522. He headed a revolt against the Duke of Arcos, at Naples, July 7, 1647, forced him to abolish the tax on provisions, and for seven days was master of Naples. He was most arrogant and bloodthirsty and was assassinated July 16.

Runes.

"Runes" were the letters of the alphabet used by the old Teutonic tribes. The word means hidden lore. The earliest runes were merely fanciful signs supposed to possess mysterious power. The letters were even considered magical, and were cast into the air, written separately upon chips, to fall as fate determined, on a cloth and to be read by the interpreters. The association of the rune letters with heathenish polytheism caused the first Christians to discourage their use.



Peace or War? Dorothy Is Forced to Choose.

Synopsis—Geoffrey Carlyle, master of sailing ships at twenty-six, is sentenced to 20 years' servitude in the American colonies for participation in the Monmouth rebellion in England. Among the passengers on board the ship on which he is sent across are Roger Fairfax, wealthy Maryland planter; his niece, Dorothy Fairfax, and Lieutenant Sanchez, a Spaniard, who became acquainted with the Fairfaxes in London. Carlyle meets Dorothy, who informs him her uncle has bought his services. Sanchez shows himself an enemy of Carlyle. The Fairfax party, now on its own sloop in the Chesapeake bay, encounters a mysterious bark, the Namur of Rotterdam. Carlyle discovers that Sanchez is "Black Sanchez," planning to steal the Fairfax gold and abduct Dorothy. He fights Sanchez and leaves him for dead. In a battle with Sanchez' followers, however, he is overpowered and thrown into the bay. In a desperate effort to save Dorothy, Carlyle decides to swim to the Namur. By a ruse he gets aboard and mingles with the crew. The pirates return to the Namur with Dorothy, the captured gold and Sanchez, badly wounded but still alive. Carlyle finds a friend in Watkins, an English sailor. Estada, acting captain, makes Carlyle first mate of the Namur.

CHAPTER XV.

The Cabin of the Namur.

Both huge, black hands grasped the spokes, and it was evident that it required all his giant strength to control the bucking wheel. He was an ugly-looking brute, the lower portion of his face apelike and the wool growing so low as to leave him scarcely an inch of forehead. His eyes lifted an instant from the binnacle card to glance at me curiously. They exhibited no flash of recognition.

For half an hour Estada hung about aft, apparently paying no attention to me, and yet watching my movements closely. There was little to be done, but I thought it best to keep the watch reasonably busy, so they might thus learn that I knew my work. They proved prompt and capable enough, although I was eyed with some curiosity when I first went forward, and, no doubt, was very thoroughly discussed behind my back. The idlers amidsthips were a totally different class—a mongrel scum, profanely chatting in Spanish or swaggering about the deck, their very looks a challenge. However, they kept out of my way, and I found no occasion to interfere with their diversions. After Estada left the deck the majority amused themselves gambling, and as I had received no orders to interfere I permitted the games to proceed. Mendez interfered only once on occasion of a brief fight. My only instructions from the Portuguese on his going below was to call him at once if a sail was sighted. Apparently he was satisfied of my ability to command the deck.

No occasion to call him arose during my watch. It was still daylight, but with a purple gleam across the waters, when LeVere arrived on deck for my relief. We were talking together about the wheel when Estada appeared in the companionway. "Every promise of a clear night," he said, glancing about at the horizon. "Better change the course two points, LeVere; we are lying in too close to the coast for our purpose. The table call will come very shortly, Senor Gates."

I washed up hastily in my stateroom and came out into the cabin perplexed as to what might occur within the next few moments. Yet whatever the result there was no avoiding it. My every move was one of extreme caution.

Estada and Estevan awaited me. The latter was all rigged out, and with smooth black hair oiled and plastered down upon his forehead. I never beheld a more disagreeable face, or one which so thoroughly revealed the nature of a man. As I touched his hand, at Estada's brief introduction, it was as if I fingered a snake.

"This is your chair, Gates, and you will find we live well aboard the Namur—wine, women and song—hey, Manuel! Why not, when all are at command? Steward, you told the lady what my orders were. Then bid her join us."

We stood in silence, as Gunsauls crossed the deck and inserted a key in the after stateroom door. Manuel was grinning in full enjoyment, but the expression on the face of Estada was that of grim cruelty. I felt my hands grip like iron on my chair back and my teeth clinch in restraint. God, but I would have liked to grip the fellow where he stood—all the bottled-up hatred in my soul struggling for action. Yet that would only mean the death of all hope, and I turned my eyes away from him and stared with the others at the opening door.

Out into the full light of the cabin the woman came and halted barely a step in advance of the steward, her head uplifted proudly, her eyes on us. Never before had I realized her beauty, her personality, as I did then. Her posture was not that of defiance nor of surrender; she stood as a woman defending her right to respect, sustained by a wonderful courage. I caught her glance, but there was no recognition in it; not by the flicker of an eyelid did she betray surprise, and yet in some mysterious manner a flash of intelligence passed between us. It was all instantaneous, for her gaze seemed to concentrate on Estada as though she knew him as leader.

"You sent for me? For what?" she asked, her Spanish clear and well chosen.

"To join us at meal," he answered unmoved. "It is better than to remain alone."

"Better! You must have a strange opinion of me to believe I would sit with murderers and thieves."

"Harsh words, senorita," and Estada grinned grimly. "Yet I expected them. There are many trades in the world by which men are robbed. We only work at the one we like best; nor will I discuss that with you. However, senorita, I can say that we have taken no lives in this last affair."

"No lives!" In sudden, incredulous surprise. "You mean my uncle lives?"

"If you refer to Fairfax—the one in whose room the chest was hidden, I can only reply truthfully that he lives."



"Peace or War?"

One of my men struck him down, but it was not a death blow. If that be the reason of your disdain there is no cause. This chair is held for you."

"But why was I brought away a prisoner? To be a plaything? A sport for your pleasure?"

"That was but the orders of our chief; we await his recovery to learn his purpose."

"Sanchez! Was he your chief? A pirate?"

"A buccaner; we prey on the enemies of Spain. It was at Captain Sanchez' orders we waited the arrival of your vessel from England. He loved you; he would no doubt have dealt with you honorably; I have reason to believe that to be his purpose now. Nothing will change his purpose. He is that kind, and he has the power. He determined that if he would not come to him by choice you should be made to by force. You are here now by his orders and will remain until you consent to his purpose—all that remains for you to decide is whether you choose to be prisoner or guest aboard."

"And if he should die?"

Estada shrugged his shoulders indifferently.

"Who knows?"

Her lips tightened as though to hold back a cry while one hand pressed to the open door steadied her. There was a look in the searching eyes I did not like to see. It was a moment before she could control her voice.

"I have heard them call you Estada. Of what rank in this company are you?"

"I am Pedro Estada, formerly the first officer, now, by occasion of Captain Sanchez' wound, in full command."

These are two of my officers—Senor Gates, one of your own countrymen, and Manuel Estevan. And now that I have answered your questions, what is it to be between us—peace or war?"

Her eyes dropped, and I could distinctly note the trembling of her slender figure. When she slowly raised her glance once more it rested on my face as though seeking approval, guidance.

"If there be only the one choice," she said quietly, "I accept peace. I cannot live locked in that room alone haunted by my thoughts and memories. If I pledge you my word, senor am I to enjoy the freedom of this cabin and the deck?"

Estada looked at us, a shade of doubt in his eyes. I made no sign, but Manuel nodded.

"Why not?" he asked in his harsh croak of a voice. "So long as we be at sea? What harm can the girl do?"

"Perhaps none; I will take a half chance, at least. You shall have the freedom of the cabin. So long as you keep your word, while as to the deck, we will consider that later. Prove you mean what you say by joining us here."

My recollection of that meal is not of words but of faces. Estada's eyes sought constantly the girl's face, and to my consternation exhibited an interest in her personality which promised trouble. I know not whether she noticed this awakening admiration, but she certainly played her part with quiet modesty. I believe that even the Portuguese reached the conclusion that she was not altogether regretful for this adventure and that it was safe for him to relax some degree of vigilance. His manner became more gracious, and long before the meal ended his language had a tendency to compliment and flatter. I contented myself with occasional sentences. The young woman sat directly across from me, our words overheard by all, and as I knew both men possessed some slight knowledge of English I dare not venture beyond commonplace conversation in that tongue. With quick wit she took her cue from me, so that nothing passed between us, either by word of mouth or glance of eye, to arouse suspicions.

Believing the feeling of confidence would be increased by such action, I was first to leave the table, and it being my watch below immediately retired to my room, noisily closing the door after me, yet refraining from letting the latch catch, thus enjoying a slight opening through which to both see and hear. Manuel did not linger long, making some excuse to go forward, but Estada remained for some time, endeavoring to entertain. His egotism made a fool of the man, yet even he finally became discouraged of making her comprehend his meaning, and lapsed into a silence which gave her an excuse to retire. This was accomplished so gracefully as to leave no sting, the fellow actually accompanying her to the door of her stateroom, bowing his compliments as she disappeared within. The fool actually believed he had made a conquest and preened himself like a turkey cock.

"Gunsauls, you need not lock the senorita in her room or guard her in any way hereafter. She is permitted to come and go as she pleases aboard."

Estada entered his own stateroom, leaving the door ajar. When he came out he had exchanged his coat for a rough jacket. Thus attired for a turn on deck, he disappeared through the companion.

CHAPTER XVI.

In Dorothy's Stateroom.

I stood crouched, with eye at the crack watchful of every movement in the lighted cabin, my own decision made. I must see and talk with Dorothy. Gunsauls turned down the light and departed along the passage leading amidsthips. A moment later I heard the sound of dishes grinding together preparatory to being washed. No better opportunity for action was likely to occur, although the situation was not without peril. I crept along close to the side walls, lifted the latch noiselessly, and slipped quickly within. There was no light, except a glimmer of stars through a large after port, but against this faint radiance she stood vaguely revealed. Her first thought must have been Estada, for there was a startled note in her challenge.

"Who are you? Why do you come here?"

"Speak low," I cautioned. "You must know my voice."

"Geoffrey Carlyle!"

"Yes, but do not use that name—all hope depends on my remaining unknown. You welcome me?"

She came straight forward through the dim star shine, a spectral figure, with both hands outstretched.

"Welcome!" her tone that of intense sincerity. "Your presence gives me all the strength I have. But for you I should throw myself through that port into the sea. But I know not how you came here—tell me, you are not one of these wretches?"

"No; you must believe that first of all, and trust me."

"I do—but—but tell me all you can."

"Is there a divan here, or anywhere we can sit down together? I can see nothing in this darkness."

Carlyle saves Dorothy from death at the hands of a mysterious intruder but is unable to account for the sudden attack in the night. There is some dark plot behind it all. What will the morning disclose?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BOY SCOUTS

SCOUTS ARE NOT FOR SALE

Another letter received at national headquarters suggests a criticism. This letter states:

"There is hardly a week that some business house does not have some plan to offer for using our organization to sell goods."

It is an unfortunate fact that so many men have failed to understand that the ideal of service wrought into the boy scout movement is entirely free of the spirit of gain.

The scout good turn which takes on so many forms and has even risen to the high plane of national service in the time of war cannot be bought. It is not devised to help increase the gains of any person or business or institution. It is helpfulness outside of the field of commercialism.

It is true that scouts can work for money. But it is equally true that neither a scout nor a troop should be worked for money. Let no individual and no concern try to break down that fine distinction.

If a boy scout does any one of the many honorable things a boy can do for business concerns and for others to earn money, he does it as a boy, not as a boy scout.

SEA SCOUTS IN TRAINING.



Youngsters learning the sailor stuff on rigging on the shore.

BOY SCOUTS TO FEED BIRDS.

Twenty-eight troops of boy scouts were assigned in Minneapolis by L. S. Dale, scout executive, to take care of the bird-feeding stations in 14 parks. "Feeding of birds usually should only be done after storms or during severe weather," says Mr. Dale. "The idea is to keep the birds with us, but not to overfeed them. During mild weather they are generally able to make their own living, but this has been an exceptional season, and the natural food supply for birds has about been exhausted."

"There are 1,800 boy scouts in the city, and every one of them is interested in the protection of birds. It is hoped that the scouts will open the eyes of the public generally to the necessity of co-operation in affording this protection to bird life in our parks."

MARK ROOSEVELT TREES.

The city parks of Los Angeles will in the future bear living testimony to the memory of Theodore Roosevelt in the form of trees to be furnished and planted by troops of boy scouts. These trees will be 36 in number.

The first 36 troops (there are 129 troops under the Los Angeles scout council) to sign up at headquarters will each have the honor of planting an oak tree, at the foot of which will be placed a bronze tablet inscribed as follows: "Planted Arbor day, 1919, by Troop No. —, Los Angeles Boy Scouts of America, in honor of Theodore Roosevelt."

SOME STUNTS BY THE SCOUTS.

Wheeling, W. Va., has approximately 150 scouts who successfully cultivated war gardens. One-fifth of the total subscriptions for Liberty bonds in Ohio county, were secured by scouts. Scouts distributed 7,500 copies of the president's flag day address; were active in the book drive and found over 2,400 black walnut trees and two carloads of clothing for the Belgian relief. During the influenza epidemic scouts worked with the Red Cross.

"BEST MEDICINE FOR WOMEN"

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Did For Ohio Woman.

Portsmouth, Ohio.—"I suffered from irregularities, pains in my side and was so weak at times I could hardly get around to do my work, and as I had four in my family and three boarders it made it very hard for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me. I took it and it has restored my health. It is certainly the best medicine for woman's ailments I ever saw."

—Mrs. SARA SHAW, R. No. 1, Portsmouth, Ohio.

Mrs. Shaw proved the merit of this medicine and wrote this letter in order that other suffering women may find relief as she did.

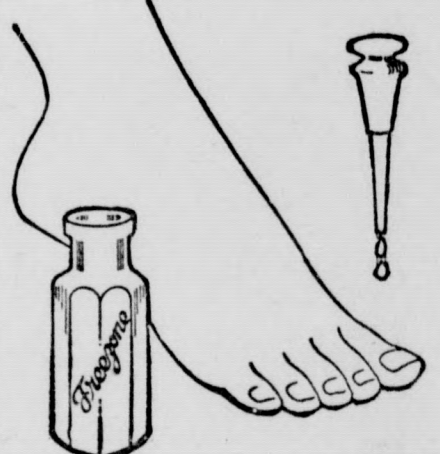
Women who are suffering as she was should not drag along from day to day without giving this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its forty years experience is at your service.

Many Motors Use Coal Gas.

Evidence laid before the English gas traction committee by manufacturers of flexible gas containers shows that about 4,500 commercial motor vehicles have been converted to the use of coal gas.

Lift off Corns!

Doesn't hurt a bit and Freezone costs only a few cents.



With your fingers! You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin caluses from bottom of feet.

A tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs little at any drug store; apply a few drops upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Worth Seeing.

"Lady outside wants to see you." "I wonder if she's worth seeing?" "She is. Blue eyes, golden hair, perfect figure. Oh, boy!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Don't Forget Cuticura Talcum

When adding to your toilet requisites. An exquisitely scented face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume, rendering other perfumes superfluous. You may rely on it because one of the Cuticura Trio (Soap, Ointment and Talcum). 25c each everywhere.—Adv.

Did you ever console yourself with the thought that some people look happy because ignorance is bliss?

Stop That Backache!

Those agonizing twinges across the small of the back, that dull, throbbing ache, may be your warning of serious kidney weakness—serious, if neglected, for it might easily lead to gravel, stone or the kidney, bladder inflammation, dropsy or fatal Bright's disease. So if you are suffering with a bad back, have dizzy spells, headaches, nervous, dependent attacks or disordered kidney action, get after the cause. Use Doan's Kidney Pills, the remedy that has been tried out for you by thousands.

An Idaho Case

Chas. Allen, concrete contractor, 1802 Blaine Ave., Caldwell, Idaho, says: "Several years ago I had quite a lot of trouble with my kidneys. I noticed the complaint first when the kidney secretions began passing too freely and commenced highly colored. Then my back got lame and ached dreadfully. I was in bed several weeks and couldn't turn over without help. It only took a few boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills to cure me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE. Kill anywhere. DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and safe. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over. Will not soil or burn anything. Guaranteed.
FLY KILLER at your dealer or
5 by EXPRESS, prepaid, \$1.25.
HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
A toilet preparation of merit. Helps to eradicate dandruff. For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray or Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Adv.

His System of Memory.

Teacher—With whom did Achilles fight the Battle of Troy?

Pupil—Pluto.

Teacher—Wrong.

Pupil—Nero.

Teacher—Nero! How do you—

Pupil—Then it must have been Hector. I know it was one of our three dogs!

His Experience.

"Had any railroad experience?"

"Sure," said he. "I've run a pump at a gasoline station."

Save the Babies

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save many of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations, Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. There can be no danger in the use of Castoria if it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher as it contains no opiates or narcotics of any kind.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Too Numerous to Mention.

Lawyer (examining his client in a divorce case)—Mr. Gothis, did your wife ever hit you with anything?

Mr. Gothis—Sure, she did, with anything!

It takes a lot of salve to turn a human crank.

Royalty Fond of Sport.

Another member of the British royal family who has been taking a keen interest in sport is Prince Albert. He has lately been seen quite frequently at Walton Heath, where he plays golf with much keenness. In spite of his enthusiasm, however, he admits that so far he is—to use his own words—"a rotten player."

Princess Mary, whose love for hunting has called forth much admiration, fully deserves the title of "the open-air princess," which was once given her. Young as she is, she can hold her own in most sports. Her training includes every game and athletic accomplishment adjudged suitable for her. She can drive, ride, swim, cycle, dance, play golf and hockey, cook, sew and turn out the daintiest of butter-pats in the Sandringham model dairy for her father's early tea and toast before his morning ride with her.—Indianapolis Star.

One druggist doesn't make a summer, but his soda fountain enables him to turn out a good many swallows.

How Jerusalem Wails



Wailing Wall of the Jews.

"TE-KE-OO—Te-ke-oo!" the notes ring out, poignant, pitiful; "Te-ke-oo." Once again it resounds in the hoary rifts of the "wailing wall," remnant of Hebrew glory, symbol of Hebrew fall. Piercing, clear, it heralds a mighty surge of grief. For from the gloom of a hundred souls a cry is wrung, unnamable in the smiling sunshine, writes Marian Weinstein to the Chicago Daily News. The Jews of Jerusalem have come to mourn, to pray. They have brought to their Father the sting of their newest affliction, the fresh page in their long tragedy—the slaughter of their brethren in free Galicia.

The bearded elders in their faded caftans bend and sway over their huge tomes. Their earlocks brush the yellowing leaves of prayer. Apart on the cobbled street sit shavened women, sear, fleshless, resting their quivering forms against a native hut. Their younger sisters, old-young women, press the temple ruin. Now they fondle the stones and now they clutch them in despair, choking dry sobs. Beyond, a girl is weeping. She has lived through a Russian pogrom. There is a lull in the wail. For a moment the mass of motley headgear—skull caps, turbans, fezzes—ceases to sway. But only for a moment. And now the little Talmud Torah boys come from their schools, tiny replicas, with their side curls and long coats, of their elders. They file in under their rabbi's eye, a look of awe on their pale faces.

All United in Mourning.

Jerusalem has forgotten its squabbles. In this hour of prayer and mourning before their Maker all Jews are brothers. "A cole, a dole," a wretched bundle of rags whimpers through the crowd. Between two sputtering candles against the wall a khaki-clad soldier from the Jewish battalion pauses to read the call to this prayer that was posted for days in the streets of the Holy City, in Hebrew and in Yiddish.

"Terrible reports come to us, one after the other, from Galicia. Enemies of Israel shed Jewish blood like water. Hundreds of Jewish victims have been murdered amid all sorts of atrocities. Countless innocents, men, women and children, our people's most pious souls, have fallen. In Lemberg alone 108, butchered and burned, were buried in one grave. Scores of scrolls of the law have been destroyed, and such outrages were committed as in the day of the destruction of the temple. All our brethren in Galicia are in deadly terror."

"Our elders, therefore, have met and decided that the whole community—men, women and children—should assemble Tuesday at 8 o'clock, Arabic time, at the temple ruin to read the psalms and blow the shofar that the Lord above may take pity upon our brethren."

"Brahim! Ibrahim!" A shrill cry strikes the air. From the roof of her stone hut a swarthy Arab woman calls her son, who has somehow been caught in the wailing, swaying multitude. "Ibrahim!"

At the Wailing Place.

The Jewish soldier rescues the reluctant Ibrahim just as a score of British Tommies appear in the wake of a Moslem guide.

"Here you have the Jews' wailing wall," he recites in a sing-song. "The upper stones were built in the time of the Romans, but the lower blocks belonged to Solomon's temple. Here the Jews come every Friday to wail."

The Jewish soldier has recognized a fellow Jew in an American Red

Cross doctor, standing thoughtfully at the edge of the praying crowd.

"From what part of the States are you?" he whispers eagerly. "I'm from Philly, I thought you might be, too."

Down the stony steps leading to the wailing place new figures are ever hurrying, scurrying. The Talmud Torah children are leaving with their rabbi. The weeping girl leans against the Arab hut now, her eyes half closed, her lips trembling. The old-young women still cling to the wall as if the God whose ear they seek were in its very stones.

"A dole, a dole." The beggar renews her quest.

The sun sinks lower and lower, but still they come, old and young, the Jews of Jerusalem. The praying forms never weary. Ever their cry rings above the noise of the city, a centuries old cry.

Cultured Hindus.

In Bengal there are about seventy millions of people, and they boast of perhaps the best culture in India at the present time. The language as a written language is only fifty years old. Though for over a thousand years it has been a dialect, there is in Indian history unfortunately no trace of Bengali having been an important literary tongue. The language has borrowed its alphabet, grammar and vocabulary. There are numerous Persian, Arabic and English words incorporated in it, and the wonder of it is that, instead of having been degraded into some vulgar form like pidgin English, Bengali has become the most literary, scientific and perhaps the most philosophic of modern Indian languages.

Workmen Marooned High in Air.

A violent windstorm recently swept across Great Salt Lake, and overlaid into Ogden, which it coated with a thin layer of salt. Buildings, pedestrians, sidewalks and automobiles were all "salted" impartially. The only real damage done, however, was in the destruction of a 200-foot scaffold around a concrete grain elevator. Six unfortunate workmen, who were on top of a finished part of the elevator, 100 feet in the air, at the time of the collapse, were completely marooned until rescued with extension ladders by the local fire department.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Personal Illustration.

The master of a Glasgow school was presiding over the reading lessons of the third standard when the child whose turn it was to read came across the word "hiringling."

"What is a hiringling?" asked the teacher.

The boy thought for a moment or two, and then replied, "I don't know." The question was next propounded to the entire class, with a like result. The master then explained the meaning of the word as lucidly as he could, and, at the conclusion of his explanation, repeated the question.

"Please, sir," replied the boy addressed, "you're a hiringling; you're paid to teach us."

Fourteenth Century Love Token.

The Lincolnshire (Eng.) Architectural and Archaeological society has presented to the Lincoln City and County museum a charming little fibula of the time of Edward III or Richard II. The brooch is circular in shape and about half-an-inch across, and it was originally embellished with six emeralds. One of the emeralds is missing, but with this exception the specimen is perfect. An inscription on the back shows it to be a fourteenth century love token.

Fitted Leather Beauty Boxes.

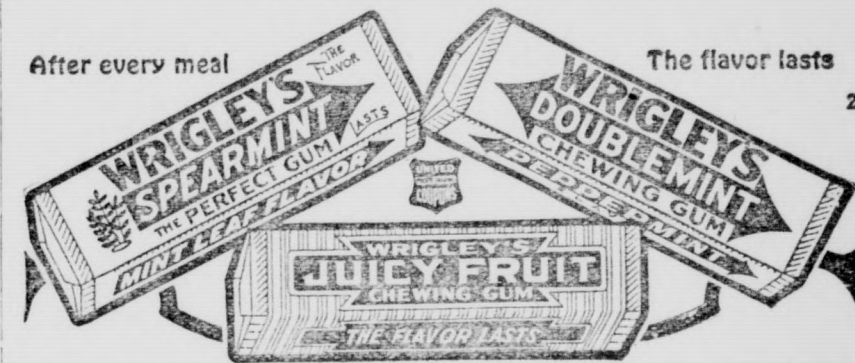
Now comes the fitted leather beauty box to add to the elegance of one's luggage. These charming boxes are shaped like an immense canteen bag, and are of colored patent leather, brown, henna or blue, to match the bag and suitcase. They are handsomely lined in moire in contrasting color, and fitted with ivory-back brush, comb, buffer, file, shoe horn and two boxes for polish. The mirror under the spring top is large enough to prove very useful.

Lingerie Gowns.

While we have been speaking of the finest of lingerie gowns we must not forget that our old favorites cotton voiles are still here, and returning constantly to favor. Now we all learned some seasons ago that there is as much difference in cotton voiles as there is in silk or satin as to quality—no cotton material has ever been more satisfactory for summer dresses, for voile launders better even than lawn and does not rumple and crush as the stiffer things do.



Wrapped to insure its perfect condition in all climates and seasons. Sealed tight—kept right. The perfect gum in the perfect package.



New Mineral Found.

A new mineral has been discovered in Siberia. The discovery was made by a hunter on the shore of Lake Balkash, and the mineral has been named balkashite. It has the appearance of dark brown hard rubber, and when ignited it burns with a strong flame, leaving about 2 per cent ash. When placed in water it becomes a mass very much like paraffin.

It is for want of application rather than of means that men fail of success.—Rochefoucauld.

OLD AGE STARTS WITH YOUR KIDNEYS

Science says that old age begins with weakened kidneys and digestive organs. This being true, it is easy to believe that by keeping the kidneys and digestive organs cleansed and in proper working order old age can be deferred and life prolonged far beyond that enjoyed by the average person.

For over 200 years GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil has been relieving the weakness and disability due to advancing years. It is a standard old-time home remedy and needs no introduction. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil is enclosed in odorless, tasteless capsules containing about 5 drops each. Take them as you would a pill, with a swallow of water. The oil stimulates the kidney

action and enables the organs to throw off the poisons which cause premature old age. New life and strength increase as you continue the treatment. When completely restored continue taking a capsule or two each day. GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will keep you in health and vigor and prevent a return of the disease.

Do not wait until old age or disease have settled down for good. At the first sign that your kidneys are not working properly, go to your druggist and get a box of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules. Money refunded if they do not help you. Three sizes. But remember to ask for the original imported GOLD MEDAL brand. In sealed packages.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C. Advice and books free. Rates reasonable. Highest references. Eastern Price.



All druggists, Soap & Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of Cuticura, Dept. E. Boston.

WHY DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND SWAMP-ROOT

For many years druggists have watched with much interest the remarkable record maintained by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine.

It is a physician's prescription. Swamp-Root is a strengthening medicine. It helps the kidneys, liver and bladder do the work nature intended they should do.

Swamp-Root has stood the test of years. It is sold by all druggists on its merit and it should help you. No other kidney medicine has so many friends.

Be sure to get Swamp-Root and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it invariably frowns on the furniture installment collector.

MURINE Rests, Refreshes, Soothes, Heals—Keep your Eyes Strong and Healthy, if they Tired, Smart, Itch, or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. **Murine Eye Remedy Company, Chicago, U. S. A.**

BAD BREATH

Often Caused by

Acid-Stomach

How can anyone with a sour, gassy stomach, who is constantly belching, has heartburn and suffers from indigestion have anything but a bad breath? All of these stomach disorders mean just one thing—Acid-Stomach.

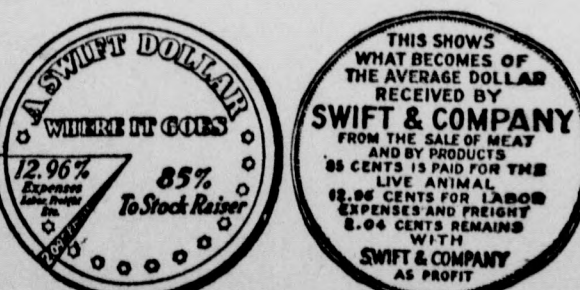
EATONIC, the wonderful new stomach remedy in pleasant tasting tablet form that you eat like a bit of candy, brings quick relief from these stomach miseries. EATONIC sweetens the breath because it makes the stomach sweet, cool and comfortable. Try it for that nasty taste, congested throat and "heavy feeling" after too much smoking.

If neglected, Acid-Stomach may cause you a lot of serious trouble. It leads to nervousness, headaches, insomnia, melancholia, rheumatism, sciatica, heart trouble, ulcer and cancer of the stomach. It makes its millions of victims weak and miserable, listless, lacking in energy, all tired out. It often brings about chronic invalidism, premature old age, a shortening of one's days. You need the help that EATONIC can give you if you are not feeling as strong and well as you should. You will be surprised to see how much better you will feel just as soon as you begin taking this wonderful stomach remedy. Get a big 50 cent box from your druggist today. He will return your money if you are not satisfied.

EATONIC (FOR YOUR ACID-STOMACH)

W. N. U., Salt Lake City, 28-1916.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.



Jewelry and Repairing

a full line of LA TAUSCA PEARL NECKLACES—from \$3.50 up to the "DIAMOND OPERA," \$20.00. Highest cash price paid for old gold, silver and diamonds.

Leave orders for piano tuning. Satisfaction guaranteed.

FRANK FRAIBERG

Closed Thursday afternoons Opposite P. E. Station

"Build the City—Trade Here"

THE L. W. BLINN LUMBER CO.

Incorporated

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Puget Sound Pine and Redwood

LUMBER

Shingles, Doors, Sash and General Building Material

W. C. LYNCH, JR., Agent - Sierra Madre, Cal.

INVEST

TO AID THE

Upbuilding

OF

Southern California

IN THE

Common Stock

OF

Southern California Edison Company

NOW OFFERED

OUR CONSUMERS AND THE PEOPLE

ON AN ATTRACTIVE PLAN WHEREBY

THEY BECOME PARTNERS

In One of the Greatest

Hydro Electric Systems and Best Established

Industries in America

PRICE \$90.00 PER SHARE CASH OR \$91.00

PER SHARE ON THE INSTALLMENT

PLAN OF \$6.00 DOWN AND \$5.00 PER MONTH.

YIELD TO INVESTORS AT THESE PRICES

ABOUT 7 3/4 PER CENT PER ANNUM, PAYABLE QUARTERLY.

Development of electricity by water power is a development for all time. Utilizing the natural resources create a fuel supply that would otherwise be lost to the Pacific Coast region. California's industrial and agricultural future is limited only by its fuel supply, our hydro-electric power is perpetual, while the coal and oil resources are constantly depleting.

We are now constructing another hydro-electric plant of 40,000 Horsepower capacity on Kern River, and installing 22,000 Horsepower additional capacity on Big Creek at an expenditure of \$8,000,000.

Send for our circular, or ask that a representative call and see you

Monrovia Office: 426 South Myrtle Avenue Telephone Main 6

First National Bank of Sierra Madre

Telephone Main 4

NEW TELEPHONES INSTALLED

The following new phones have been installed since the last directory was issued. Cut out this list and paste in your telephone book:

Red 94 Benton, J. W., 462 W. Central Ave.
Red 124 Bosi, C., 324 Sycamore Place.
Black 20 Carter, A. M., Sierra Madre Canyon Park.
Blue 3 Cox, Mrs. Geo., 36 W. Highland Ave.
206 — 7bells De Vore, Ernest, Camp West Fork.
Green 56 Feeney, Mary E., 311 N. Adams St.
Blue 56 Forshaw, James, 371 North Adams St.
Blue 45 Gilbert J. C., 172 N. Lima Street
Green 45 Jensen, Mrs. Amelia, 172 1/2 N. Lima St.
Black 143 O'Connell, Mae, 90 South Hermosa St.
Black 127 Phillips, J. A., Churchill Canyon.
Green 1 Rosenberger, F. M., 375 W. Grand View Ave.
Black 81 Rix, Harriett H., 494 North Auburn Ave.
Black 145 Stover, Dr., Santa Anita Rancho.
Red 33 Taggart, Joseph, 5 W. Charter Ave.
Red 62 Weiner, J. A., 65 N. Baldwin Ave.
Blue 96 White, Mrs. M. J., 503 Manzanita Ave.
Change in Number
Red 44 Hope, Mrs. George, changed to Red 87.
Blue 134 King, G. Floyd, changed to Blue 26.

THE WINDSOR INSTITUTE

The Windsor Institute for Pathological Research, the management of which acquired the property formerly owned by the El Reposo corporation about three years ago, is now resuming its operations for cancer research, also for the treatment of this disease. The establishment of the work in Sierra Madre had to be deferred in consequence of the Government having made application for the property about two years ago for military hospital purposes. The war being over, there is little likelihood that the Government will require the property.

Prince John David de Windsor, who made an exhaustive study of the nature of and treatment for cancer, leprosy, tuberculosis and other diseases of remote origin, received the thanks of the late King Edward VII in 1906 on the occasion of his submitting to the King the results of his researches in India, and in Europe and America. Doctor Reginald E. McDonald, formerly in charge of the Good Samaritan Hospital of Los Angeles, is the physician in charge of the medical and surgical departments of the Windsor Institute.

It may be stated here that advantage has been taken of the extensive laboratory research conducted by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund of London, established by the late King Edward, and to which Royal Commission King Edward presented the Guelph Sterilization systems for the treatment of cancer and tuberculosis, as introduced by Prince John David de Windsor, the founder of the Windsor Institute.

It is significant that cancer research is receiving renewed stimulus at this time. Announcement was recently made of the renewed activities in this direction of the medical department of Columbia University, as well as in London. There has been a marked increase in this dread disease since the world war.

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* * * —Honor of the Clintons
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Binehart—Dangerous Days
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Ashmun—Isabell Carleton's Year
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* * * —Reddy Fox
Chaffey—Adventures of Twinkle eyes
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NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE

Sheriff's Sale
No. B73135

Order of Sale and Decree of Foreclosure and Sale
Ernest W. Smith, Plaintiff,

vs.
W. H. Houghton, Harriet V. Houghton, Emma M. Walbrant, John Doe, Richard Roe, Henry Green, Annie Noe, Mary Black and John Doe Company, a corporation, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of and order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, issued out of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, of the State of California, on the 17th day of July, A. D., 1919, in the above entitled action, wherein Ernest W. Smith, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of foreclosure and sale against W. H. Houghton, Harriet V. Houghton, et al., defendants, on the 8th day of July, A. D., 1919, for the sum of Thirty-one hundred and ninety-nine and 09/100 (\$3199.09) dollars, gold coin of the United States, which said decree was, on the 15th day of July, A. D., 1919, recorded in Judgment Book 474 of said Court, at page 120, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the city of Pasadena, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Lot two (2) of Los Robles Park being a portion of Los Robles Rancho in the city of Pasadena, county of Los Angeles, state of California, as per map recorded in book 66 pages 39 and 40 miscellaneous records of said county.

Except that portion of said lot 2 described as follows: Beginning at the most easterly point of said lot 2 of said Los Robles Park thence running in a northwesterly direction along the northeasterly boundary line of said lot 2, 118.4 feet to the southerly boundary line of a road shown on said map, thence westerly along the southerly boundary line of said road 68.5 feet to a point which is the intersection of said southerly boundary line of said road, and said northwesterly boundary line of said lot 2, thence in a southeasterly direction on a line parallel with said northeasterly boundary line of said lot 2, 160 feet, more or less, to the southeasterly boundary line of said lot 2, thence in a northeasterly direction 54.90 feet to the point of beginning.

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Also all that portion of lot 1 in said Los Robles Park, lying southeasterly of a line beginning at a point distant 80 feet northeasterly along Marengo Avenue from the most southerly corner of said lot 1 and extending in a northeasterly direction parallel with the southeasterly line of said lot to the north line thereof.

Including all buildings and improvements thereon, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances, water and water rights, pipes, flumes and ditches thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof.

Public notice is hereby given, That, on Monday, the 18th day of August, A. D., 1919, at 12 o'clock, M. of that day in front of the Court House door of the County of Los Angeles, Broadway entrance, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree of foreclosure and sale, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for cash gold coin of the United States.

Dated this 24th day of July, 1919.

JNO. C. CLINE,

Sheriff of Los Angeles County.
By W. T. Osterholt, Deputy Sheriff.
A. L. Rowland, Plaintiff's Attorney.

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WINDSOR INSTITUTE

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The Prince John David de Windsor.
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